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ORAIN

LE

Iain Lom Mac-Dhòmhnaill.

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POEMS

BY

JOHN LOM MACDONALD.

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Edited by

The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair.

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ANTIGONISH:

THE CASKET OFFICE.

HENRY WHYTE, 4 BRIDGE STREET, GLASGOW.

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## Preface.

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The poems in this work have, with only a few exceptions, been taken from Dr. Maclean's MS., R. Macdonald's collection, Gillies's collection, A. and D. Stewart's collection, Turner's collection, John Maclean's MS., and D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire. Dr. Maclean's MS. was written about the year 1770, and John Maclean's about the year 1815. R. Macdonald's collection was published in 1776, Gillies's collection in 1786, A. and D. Stewart's collection in 1804, Turner's collection in 1813, and D.C. Macpherson's Duanaire in 1868.

We are in possession of John Lom's poems not as they were made, but as they were taken down from oral recitation long after the death of their author. Owing to this fact some of them are full of glaring mistakes and others extremely imperfect in versification, whilst a few of them are either mere fragments or an incongruous mixture of two or three different poems. As a general rule the oldest written or printed form of a poem

is the most correct. This is unquestionably true of John Lom's poems. Whilst we should feel thankful to Turner for his collection, it must be admitted that his versions of old poems are frequently extremely inaccurate.

I have make several changes in some of the poems in this work. My aim in making these changes was to remove obscurities, to correct inaccuracies in historic matters, and to bring lines to be of the proper length. That these changes are improvements, I do not pretend to say. Such of them as are of any real importance are pointed out in the notes.

The poems that appear in this work were published in *THE CASKET*, Antigonish, and struck off from the type of that newspaper in book form. As the proofs could not be sent me I had no opportunity of correcting misprints or making alterations.

I have to thank the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, D.D., of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, for the interest taken by him in this work. Were it not for his kindness in getting it published in *THE CASKET* it would, in all probability, never appear.

I sincerely trust that some one who is

better acquainted with the history of the Highland Clans in the days of John Lom than I am, and who may have access to manuscripts that I have never seen, will favor those who take an interest in the poems of the famous Keppoch bard with a better edition of them than I have been able to give.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Belfast, P. E. Island, Oct., 1, 1895.

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## John Lom Macdonald.

John Macdonald, one of the most celebrated of the Gaelic bards, was born in the Braes of Lochaber. He was a great-great-grandson of John Alainn, fourth Macdonald of Keppoch. He was known as Iain Lom, and also as Iain Manntach. He had a large amount of general information, and was intimately acquainted with all the political plans and movements of his day. He belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. He was an ardent Jacobite, and an active and influential member of his party. He was a man of superior talents, intense earnestness and unflinching determination. He spoke and acted according to his convictions. He was thus respected and feared by those who knew him. He was a faithful friend, but a bitter enemy. He possessed poetic gifts of a high order, and composed a large number of valuable songs and elegies. His powers of invective were extraordinary. He was a very old man at the time of his death. He was buried at Dun-Aingeal. Some of his admirers erected a handsome mon-

ument over his grave a few years ago.  
In reading his poems we must remember  
that he lived in rough times.

---

# CUMHA AONGHUIS MHIC-RAONNILL OIG.

'Rìgh, gur mor mo chuid mulaid,  
Ged is fheudar dhomh 'fbulang,  
Ge b'e 'dh'ei-sdeadh ri m' uireasbhìdh 'aireamh

Bho na chaill mi na gadhair,  
Is an t-eug gan sìor thaghall,  
'S beag mo thoirt gar an taghaill mi 'm Braighe.

Is eun bochd mi gun daoine,  
Air mo lot air gach taobh dhiom;  
Is tric rosad an aoig air mo chairdean-

Gur mi 'n giadh air a spionadh,  
Gun iteach, gun linnich,  
'S mi mar Oisain fo bhinn an taigh Phadrig.

Gur mi 'chraobh air a rusgadh,  
Gun chnothan, gun ubhlan,  
S' an snothach 's an rusg air a fagail.

Ruaig sin ceann Loch-a-Tatha,  
'S i 'chuir mis' ann am ghaibheach;  
Dh' fhag mi Aonghas na laighe 'san araich.

Mun do dhirich sibh 'm bruthach  
'S ann 'nur deidh a bha 'n ulaidh;  
Bha sar ghiomanach gunn' air dhroch caradh,

Ged a dh'fhag mi ann m' athair,  
Chan ann air tha mi 'labhairt,  
Ach mu'n lot 'rinn an claidheabh mu t' air-  
nean-s'.

Gur h-e dhruidh air mo leacainn  
'M buille mor a bha 'd leth-taobh,  
'S tu 'nad laigh' an taigh beag Choire-Char  
maig.



B'i mo ghradh do ghnais aobhach  
 'Dheanadh dath le t' fhuil chraobhich,  
 'S nach rëbh seachnach air aodann do namhaid.

Gadhar, a hound, a lurcher. Rosad, misfortune, mischief. Linnich, layer, lining. Gaibheach, a person in want. Leacainn, the side of the head.

Angus Macdonald, of Keppoch, Aonghus Mac Raonuill Oig, and John Lom's father, Domhnall Mac Iain mhic Dhomhnuill mhic Iain Alainn, were killed at the fight of Strona-chlachain, near Loch Lay, in 1640.

## Oran Do Dhomhnall Gorm Og.

A Dhomhnaill nan dun,  
 'Mhic Ghilleasbuig nan tur,  
 Chaidh t'èineach 's do chliu thar chack.

Tha seirc ann ad ghruaidh;—  
 Caol mhala gun ghruaim,  
 Beul meachair bho 'n suairce gradh.

Bidh sud ort a triall,  
 Claidheabh sgaiteach gorm siar;  
 Air t' uilinn bidh sgiath, gun sgath.

'S a ghrabhailt mhath ur  
 Air a taghadh o'n bhuth;  
 B' i do roghainn an tus a bhlair.

A churaidh gun ghiamh,  
 'N trath ghabhadh tu fiamh,  
 'S e 'thogadh tu sgian mar arm.

'N trath chargadh tu 'n t-suil  
 Ri d' ghunna nach diu't,  
 Gum bitheadh ann sugradh searbh.

'S an laimh bu mhor luths  
 Bhiodh bogh' an t-sar chuil,  
 Caoin, fallain de 'n fhiuran dearg.

Bhiodh it an eoin leith  
 Air a sparradh le ceir  
 Ris an t-saighid chaoil, reidh gu teann.

Nuair bhiodh taifeid nan dual  
 Air a tarrainn gu d' chluais  
 'S mairg neach air am buailteadh meall.

Cha bu ghaiseadh 'bu mhiann  
 Le cinn ghlasa nan sgiath  
 Air an leacainn mu 'n iath do chrann.

Clann-Domhnuill nach c'ion  
 Mu 'n or is mu 'n ni,  
 Sud a bhuid beann a 's rioghaill geard.

Bho Theamhair gu I,  
 'S gus a chananaich shios,  
 Bhiodh luchd-ealaidh nan crìoch 'nur dail,

Thlg luingeas le gaoith  
 Gu baile nan laoch,  
 Ged bhitheadh na caoiltean garbh.

Gu talla nam pios  
 'S am farumach fion,  
 Far am falaichear mile crann.

Bho imeachd do 'n Fheinn,  
 'S ciun-fheadhna sibh fein  
 Air fineachan treun gu dearbh.

Iarl Anntuim nan sluagh  
 'S Clann-Ghilleain nam buadh,  
 Bhiodh sud leat is Ruari garbh.

Mac-Mhic-Ailain nan ceud,  
 'S Mac-Mhic-Alasdair fheil,  
 Is Mac-Fhionghain gu treun nan ceann.

Creach ga stroiceadh,  
 Feachd na torachd,  
 'S fir fo leon nan arm.

Long ga seoladh,  
Crith air sgodaibh  
Stiur-bheirt sheold, theann.

Beucaich mara  
'Leum ri darach,  
Sugh 'ga sgaradh thall.

Cha bu nasag  
Ri sruth trath i,  
'S muir 'na gair fo 'ceann.

Cruit is clarsach  
'S mnai uchd aillidh  
'N tur nan taileasg gearr.

Foirm nam pioban,  
'S oragain liobhte,  
'S cuirn 'gan lionadh ard.

Ceir 'na draillsein  
Ri fad oidhche,  
'G eiseachd stri nam bard.

Ruaig air dhisnean,  
Foirm air thithibh,  
'S or a sios mar gheall.

Aig ogh' Iarl Ile,  
Is Chinntire,  
Rois is Innse-Gall.

Eineach, liberality, renown. Brigadh, stabbing, thrusting. Draillsein, a sparkling light. Nasag, an empty shell. Teamhair, Tara in Ireland.

---

Donald Macdonald, sixth of Sleat, Domhnall mac Dhomhnaill Ghuirm, married Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, by whom he had three children—Donald, Archibald, and Alexander. He died in 1585. Donald, sev-

enth of Sleat, Domhnall Gorm Mor died without issue in 1616. Archibald married Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Isla, by whom he had Donald. Donald, Domhnall Gorm Og, succeeded his uncle in Sleat. He was created a baronet in 1625. He died in 1643.

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## Blar Inbhir-Lochidh.

---

### LUINNEAG.

Hi rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,  
 Hi rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,  
 Hi rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,  
 Chaidh an latha le clann-Domhnuill.

---

'N cuala sibh an tìohnadadh duineil  
 'Thug an camp' a Cille-Chuimein?  
 'S fad' a chaidh ainm air bhur n-urras;  
 Thug sibh as bhur naimhdean iomain.

Dh' aithnich mi bhur surd air tapadh  
 A dìreadh am mach glun Chuil-Eachidh  
 'S ged tha mo dhuthich 'na lasair,  
 'S eirig air a chuis mar thachair.

Ged a bhiodh oighreachd a Bhraighe  
 Gu ceann sheachd bliadhna mar tha í,  
 Gun chur' gun chliathadh, gun aiteach,  
 'S math an riadh 'sa bheil sinn paighte.

Dhirich mi moch maduinn cheorich  
 Gu braigh' caisteal Inbhir-Lochidh;  
 Chunnic mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordagn,  
 'S bha buaidh a bhlàir le Clann-Domhnaill.

Alasdair nan geur-lann sgaiteach,  
 Thoisich thu 'n de ri cur as daibh;  
 Chuir thu ratreut seach an caisteal,  
 Agus surd gle mhath ga leantail.

Alasdair nan geur-lann guineach  
 Nam biodh agad t' armuinn uile,  
 B' f heudar do na dh' fhalbh diu fuireach,  
 S ratreut air prabar an duilisg.

Alasdair mhic Cholla ghasda  
 Lamh dheas a sgoltadh nan caisteal;  
 Chuir thu'n ruaig air Gallaibh glasa  
 'S ma dh' ol iad cal chuir thu asd' e.

Thug sibh toiteal teth mu Lochidh  
 A toirt bhuillean mu na sronaibh;  
 Bu lionmhor claidheabh clais-ghorm comh-  
                   nard  
 Gam bualadh an lamhan Chlann-Domhnaill.

Dh 'innsinn sgeul eile le firinn  
 Cho math 's a ni cleireach a sgrìobhadh;—  
 Chaidh na laoi-h ud gus an dichìoll,  
 'S chuir iad maoim air luchd am mi-ruin.

Is mairg a dhuisgeadh bhur n-aniochd  
 'N am rusgadh nan greidlein tana;  
 Bha ingnean nan Duibhneach ri talamh  
 An deidh an luighean a ghearradh.

'N la a shaoil iad a dhol leotha  
 Bha na laoi-ch gan ruith air reothadh;  
 S iomad slaodanach mor odhar  
 'Bh' air aodan Achadh-an-todhair.

'S iomad fear aid' agus pior-bhuic  
 Agus cuilbheir, caol, dìreach,  
 'Bha 'n Inbhir-Lochidh 'na shineadh,  
 'S bha luaidh nam ban a Cinntire ann.

'S iomad corp nochdte gun aodach  
 'Bha 'call fal' air lotaibh caola,  
 Eadar 'n t-ait 'an d' rinn iad maomadh  
 Is ceann Leitir Blar-a-Chaorinn.

'S iomad spog ur air dhroch shailleadh  
Thall 's a bhos mu Thom na h-Aire,  
An deidh an reubadh le claidheabh  
Neul mhairbh air an suil 's iad gun anam.

Chuala sibh mu'n Ghoirtein odhar,  
Tha e 'm bliadhn' aginn 'na thodhar,  
Gun inneir chaorach no ghobhar  
Ach fuil nan Duibhneach air reothadh,

Sgrios orm ma's truagh leam bhur gairich,  
No anshocair bhur cuid phaisdean;  
Donnalich bhan Erraghaidheal  
'Caoidh nam fear a dh 'f han san araich.

Air do laimhsa Thighearna Labhair,  
Ge mor do bhosd as do chlaidheabh,  
'S iomad fear mor 'chinneadh t' athar  
'Bha 'n Inbir-Lochidh 'na laighe.

'S iomad fear cleoc' agus bioraid,  
Cho math 's a bha beo dhe d' chinneadh,  
Nach dug a bhotuinnean tioram,  
Bha' foghlum snamh' air bun Nibheis.

Iain Mhuideartich nan seol soilleir,  
A sheoladh an cuan ri la doilleir,  
Ort cha d' f huaradh bristeadh coinnimh;  
'S ait leam Barra-Breac fo d' chomrich.

Thug thu gu d' dhubblan a leigeadh  
Air Caimbalich chiar nam beul sligheach;  
Gaor is eanchainn 'dol 'nan stigeal,  
Slachdrioh lann 's an ceann 'gam bristeadh.

Urras, boldness. Greidlean or greadlann, a sword. Tugh, a joint; luighean, joints. Todhar, a field manured by having cattle on it. Comaraich or comraich, protection, favor. Beul sligheach, a wry mouth like that of a shell.

---

Montrose entered Argyle on the 13th of December, 1644. He sent his followers in various directions, plundering and

laying waste the lands of the Campbells. He collected them together on the 29th of January, 1645, and began marching towards Inverness. When he was at Cille-Chuimein, or Fort Augustus, a messenger came to him in great haste with the information that the Marquis of Argyll had entered Lochaber with an army of 3000 men, that he was burning and laying waste the country, and that his head-quarters were at Inverlochy. It is to Argyll's depredations that the line, "Ged tha mo dhuthich 'n a lasair" refers. Montrose marched back with all possible speed to attack Argyll. He arrived in Glen-Nevis on the evening of February 1st. The battle of Inverlochy began shortly after sunrise on Sunday, February 2nd, 1645. Argyll's army was made up of his own followers and 1,000 Lowlanders. It was commanded by Sir Donald Campbell of Auchinbreck, a very brave man. Argyll prudently withdrew from the scene of action the night before the battle. Montrose's army consisted of the Irishmen who had come over to Scotland with Alasdair mac Cholla, the Macdonalds, the Stewarts and Robertsons of Athole, the Farquharsons, Camerons, and others. Montrose won a

complete victory. He lost only eight men, Lord Ogilvie, Captain Brain and six privates. Argyll lost fourteen barons of his own clan and 1,500 common soldiers. Among the prisoners taken was Sir Donald Campbell of Barbreck, a greedy and cruel man, who had succeeded in making himself proprietor of Ardnamurchan. John Lom viewed the battle from an elevated spot that overlooked the castle of Inverlochy, which was occupied by fifty of Argyll's musketeers. The battle was begun by George Stewart, son of the laird of Urrard in Athole. He was known as Deorsa Mac Alasdair.

---

## La Allt-Eirinn.

---

Gu ma slan 's gu ma h-eibhinn  
 Do an Alasdair euchduch,  
 'Choisinn cliu an Allt-Eirinn a mhor-shluaigh.

Leis na saighdearan laghach,  
 An am falbh air and rathad,  
 Le 'm bu mhiann a bhi gabhail a chronain.

Cha bu phrabaire tlath thu  
 'Dhol an caigneachadh chladhean,  
 Nuair a bha thu 'sa gharadh le d' chomhlain.

Bha luchd chlogad is phicean  
 A cur ort mar an dicholl,  
 Gus an d' fhuair thu rilibh o Montrosa.



'S iomadh oganach suil-ghorm  
'Bh' aig a gheat mu 'n robh 'n diubhail,  
Fo throm lot nan arm ruisghe gun chomhradh.

Agus lasgaire foinnidh,  
Thuit an aobhar do loinne,  
Bha nan sineadh mu phollachan mona.

Chuir sibh Hurry 's a dhaoine  
Air an ruaig a bha daor dhaibh,  
Nuair a bhruchd sibh maraon do na chomhail.

Cha robh domhach no geinneach,  
'Bha o dhuthaich Mhic-Coinnich,  
Nach do dh' fhag an airm-thein' air a mhoine-  
tich.

Cha robh Tomì no Simì,  
Ann am fearann Mhic-Shimi,  
Nach do thar anns gach ionad 'am frogaibh.

Prabaire, a worthless fellow. Caigneachadh,  
coupling, bringing two things together as two  
swords. Maraon, together, as one. Domhach,  
a savage. Geinneach, a short stout man.

---

The battle of Auldearn was fought May  
9th, 1645. General Hurry had 3,500 foot  
and 400 horse. Montrose had 1,500 foot  
and 250 horse. Alexander Macdonald,  
who had 400 men under him, left a strong  
position behind a garden wall to attack  
his foes. He was compelled to retreat,  
and was in great danger when going back  
through the garden gate. The Macken-  
zies and Frazers fought under Hurry.  
Among the slain was Sir Mungo Camp-  
bell, of Lawess, tighearna Labhair.

# Iorram.

DO MHAC-GILLEAIN (HUBHAIRT).

Cuid de dh-aobhar mo ghearain,  
'N ti tha 'n laimh anns a Charraig  
Gus an trialladh luchd-eislain o'n fheill.

B' e sin grianan nan Gaidheal  
Agus uaislean fir Alba,—  
Mac-Gilleain nan arm gasd,' cruaidh, geur.

Ann an toiseach do ranntachd  
Thig Mac-Leoid o Chaol-Acuinn  
Is siol Thormaid 's neo-sgathach 'nan gleus.

Gun dig siolachadh Uislain  
Bho Dhun-Sgathich ann-siuil sin,  
Dha 'm bi 'n t-iubnar ga rusgadh ri feum.

Thig Clann-Domhnaill Ghlinn-Garadh  
Agus uaislean Loch-airceig,  
Dha 'm bi nuthidhean fada, caol, reidh;

Air am biodh na cinn ghlasa,  
'N deidh an eagadh gu dreachmhor,  
'Dhol an creubhaig le tartar nam meur.

Gum bi spailpeadh air pioban  
Is sluagh ri faicheachd gu lionmhor;—  
Luchd nam breacan a 's riomhaiche ceum.

'S lionmhor clogad ann 's luireach,  
'S sgiath chearr air laimh diunlaich,  
Is sar ghunna nach diultadh ri feum.

Gum bi 'm feachd so 'dol thairis  
Gu duthaich Mhic-Cailain,  
'S gum bi smudan is deannal 'nan deidh-

'S lionmhor cleasiche 's clarsair  
'Triall gu cathair nan Gaidheal,  
Bhon 's ceann-uidhe dhaibh Aros nan ceud.

Gum bi 'n t-sreath so 'dol seachad  
 Air na graineagan glasa;  
 Fleadh an fhion' a's or-lalste na deldh.

Bidh luchd-giodail a falbh bhuainn,  
 Bho nach cuibhe leinn ann iad;  
 'S gum bi na biodagan dearga nan cre;

A bioradh sliochd Dhiarmaid,  
 Pragan salach an iasgaich,  
 Bho nach bi sinn am bliadhna da 'n reir.

Grianan, a sunny spot, a place to gather to.  
 Luchd-ealain or luchd-ealaidh, persons of skill,  
 poets, musicians. Ranntachd, connections by  
 blood, marriage, or some other tie, supporters.  
 Luchd-giodail, flatterers. Or-laiste or or-lasta,  
 shining like gold.

---

'Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart was  
 seized at Inverary by the Marquis of Ar-  
 gyll, in 1647, and imprisoned in the  
 Castle of Carrick. He was kept in  
 prison about a year. He died shortly  
 after being set at liberty.

---

## Cumha Alasdair Mhic Cholla.

---

Air mo dhruim 's an tom fhalaich,  
 'S beag mo shunnd ris a bhannal.  
 Aig an cunntar an t-aran mar lon.

'Fhir na gearr-ghruaige duibhe,  
 Tha mi deurach gad chumha,  
 O'n la 'reub thu cuan sruthach an roid.

Cha robh, 'ghraidh, 's cha bu chuibhe,  
 Thu 'buain bhairneach air rudha,  
 'Sann a bha thu 's do bhuidheann ag ol.

'N t-og aigeantach, rioghail,  
 'Chuireadh sgairt fo na miltean,  
 'Nuair a thogteadh leat piob is breid sroil.

Gun eireadh sud leatsa,  
 Fir ur' agus fleasgaich,  
 O na badain bheag phreas 's am bi 'n ceo.

Leat bu mhiann a bhi agad  
 Claidheabh cuil a chinn aisnich,  
 Le faobhar cruaidh, sgaiteach, geur, gorm.

Cha bu tais 's cha bu tlath thu,  
 'Marcachd suas roimh 'n bhrigada,  
 Air each aigeantach, ard nan celth 'r brog.

Cha bu chladhaire truid thu,  
 'Dol an agaidh an trupa;  
 Ceum air adhart 'nan uchd b'e do nos.

Cha robh cron ort ri aireamh,  
 Ged a sgriobht e air paipeir,  
 Ach a mheud 's a bha 'n ardan 'ad shroin.

Fhuair mi sgeul a Dunchanain,  
 A bhrisd leus air mo shealladh,  
 Mo chreach leir! nach h-'eil Alasdair beo.

Agus firinn bho'n chlarsair  
 'Tigh 'n air tìr am Port-Phadrig,  
 'S cha dean m' inntinn bona failte ri 'cheol.

'Stric mi 'smaointinn roimh latha,  
 Nach dioghail thu t' athair;  
 Sud a mheudaich droch dhath air mo neoil.

Am fear liath 'bha sa charraig,  
 Is dul' iaruin mu bhallaibh,  
 B' e 'n laoch dian e 's am baranta sloigh.

Ach tha mo mhuinghin an Criosda,  
 Gum bi la ann ga dhioladh  
 Mun dig croich air a mbiorbhuilean mor'.

'S eil leam sgapadh fir Ile,  
 Agus uaislean Chinntire,  
 Is cha b' fhasa leam diol Raonuill Oig.

Gun cunhnadh Dia na cinn fheadhna,  
 Dh' fhalbh am freasdal na gaoithe  
 Air fleasgairt bhig, chaoil, nan tri seol.

B'ann diu 'n t-Aonghas og Glinneach,  
 A ghabh fogradh thar linne;  
 'S truagh gun roiseal do chinnidh 'bhi 'd  
 choir;

Agus mis' air cul garaidh  
 'Gamharc trupa shir Daibhidh;  
 Cha b'iad comunn mo ghraidh-sa na sgleoid.

'Righ, gur h-iomadh sonn alainn,  
 A bha companta, bràithreil,  
 'Thuit mu sgonnsa Dunabheirt gun deo.

Fir a chaitheadh na cuantan  
 Ri droch latha 'ga fhuairead,  
 Ged a dh-eireadh muir 'suas ri slait bheoil.

Sar luchd bhualadh nam builean,  
 Nuair bu chruidh air cach fuireach  
 Nam biodh uachdarain bhunailteach oirbh.

Rod, sea-weed    Fleasgairt, a boat.    Roiseal,  
 pomp, showy men.    Sconnsa, a square or small  
 fort    Bunailteach, firm, steady.



The garrison of Dainaverty, consisting of about 260 men, surrendered to General David Leslie shortly after the middle of July, 1647. The helpless prisoners were put to death five days afterwards. A few weeks later Colla Ciotach, who had fallen into Leslie's hands, was hanged at Dun-

staffnage. Alexander Macdonald, Alasdair Mac Cholla, left Ireland for Scotland with 1,500 men, July 27th, 1744. He returned to Ireland in May, 1647. He was killed at the battle of Chocnanos, in the County of Cork, November 13th, 1647.

## Oran mu Ghlacadh Morair Hunndaidh.

'Mhoire, 's muladach 'tha mi  
Mu gach sgeul 'tha mi' clastinn,  
Is mi 'tearnadh le braigh' uisge Dhe.

'G amharc luchairt a bhaile,  
Agas tur Abargheallaidh,  
, Gun luchd-surd a bhi 'n talla nan teud;

'G amharc aros nan luibhean,  
Far am b' abhaist dhuit suidhe;  
Bhiodh ann faileadh nan ubhall 's nam peur,

Aig ceann-uidhe nan Gaidheal,  
Far an suidheadh iad statail,  
Gheibhteadh raga gach aite dhaibh reidh,

Gheibhteadh coinnlean an lasadh  
An ceann choinnleirean praise;  
Bhoidh do sheomraichean laiste le ceir.

Chluinnteadh gleodhartaich feodair  
'Cur an adhaifeibh beoire,  
Seal mun digeadh trath-noine do 'n ghrein;

'S uisge-beatha na tairgne  
'Dol an cupachaibh airgid  
'S m'uai uchd-gheal, gruaidh-dhearga, 'cur  
greis.

Chan e gaoir bhan a Chlachain  
 A tha mise 'n diugh 'g acain,  
 Gar an òigeadh gin asde 'n choig ceud.

'S bodhd an naidheachd an Albainn  
 Bog-na-gaoth' an Strath-bhalgaidh  
 'Bhi ga chlaoidheadh le armaitibh sreìn';

Agus leithid Morair Hunndaidh  
 A bhi 'n laimh an t ll-butha,  
 Agus naimhdean 'na dhuthchannaibh f hein.

Morair Hunndaidh 's am Marcus  
 Bho thur nan clach' naidhte,  
 Far 'm bu tionmhor laogh breac ri cois feidh.

Ach ma chaidh do ghlacadh  
 Leis a Mheinneireach as-caoin,  
 B' e mo dhiubhail a bh' aca 's b' e 'm beud.

Fior thoiseach a gheamhraidh,  
 Ann am fochair na samhna,  
 Bha do bhoichdan air tionndadh bho 'n ceill

N Dail-nam-both an Strath thamhann.  
 Aig a bhrothair' gun naire,  
 Bha lamh-sgapidh a mhail air luchd-theud.

'S ann an clachan Chill-muiee  
 'Dh' f hag sibh 'n ceannard gun tuisleadh,  
 Marcach greadhnach air trup-each mor  
 sreìn'.

Bog-na gaoithe, the Bog of Gicht. Tollbutha,  
 a jail. Brothaire, a butcher. The eighth verse  
 refers to the lamentation of the Breadalbane  
 women after the fight at Stron-a-chlachain, in  
 1640.

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George Gordon, second Marquis of  
 Huntly, was captured by James Menzies  
 of Culdares, in December, 1647. Menzies  
 was known by the nickname of Crunair

Ruadh nan Cearc. He received a reward of \$5,000 for capturing the Marquis.

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## Cumha Morair Hunnadaidh.

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### LUINNEAG.

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Lamh an Rìgh leinn, a dhaoine,  
 Cuin a chaoch 'leas a bheirt so?  
 'S gu fheil fios san Roinn-Eorpa  
 Gur h-i choir tha sibh sracadh.  
 'Fhir a chruthaich o thus sinn,  
 Cuir a chuis gu treun, taiceil,  
 Air na Banntairean breige  
 'Rinn an eucoir a chleachdadh.

---

'S mi ag amhais Strath chuaiche,  
 'S mor mo ghruai n, 's cha bheag m' eislein,  
 'S mi ag amharc nan gleanntan  
 San robh 'n camp' aig Iarl' Einne;  
 Ris an goirt' an t-Eun Tuath ch,—  
 Eun nach d' fhuaradh ri breun chirc,  
 Ged a tha e 'san am so  
 'Se gun cheann an Duneideann.

Gur a mor mo chuis mulaid  
 'S mi air m' uilinn 'am onrachd,  
 'S mi ag amharc an righe  
 For 'n do shuidhicheadh bordaibh.  
 Tha e 'n duigh fo ghleus chapull,  
 Fo fheur fad' agus folach;  
 Chaill e 'nachdaran smachdail,  
 An deagh Mharcus cha bheo e.

Naile, chunnaic mis' uair thu,  
 Is gum b' uasal do loiseam,  
 'Tigh 'nn am mach le d' gheard rioghail  
 Air na grinneinean gorma;  
 Luchd nan casagan sìoda



'Ghlacadh pic gu grinn' modhar,  
Is a bheireadh adbhansa  
Ann an am dol an òrdagh.

Bha mi eolach ad thalla,  
'S bha mi steach ann ad sheombar;  
Bhiodh ann iomairt air taileasg,  
Is da chlarsaich a comhstrith;  
Gus am freagradh am balla,  
Do mhactalla nan oragan,  
'S bhiodh fion Spainteach ga thogail  
'M pairt de dh-obair nan or-cheard.

Cha do dh-fhogainn leo t' fhogradh  
Air feadh fhrogan ga t' fhalach;  
Ach do thur-bhailtein mora  
Bhi gun choir aig Mac.Cailein.  
'N uair a fhuair iad thu t' onrachd,  
Rinn iad oirne gnìomh alla;  
Bha t' fhuil rioghail gun fhotus  
Ga dluth dhortadh mu 'n sgafal.

Ach a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt ]  
'S fad' an dusgadh so t'h' agad;  
Gur a fad' ann ad shuain thu,  
S tim dhuit gluasad bho' d chadal.  
Mur h 'ell t'aire gu dìreach  
Air do righeachd a thagradh;  
Leig dñiot 's an droch uair i.  
Mur h-eil cruadal ad aigheadh.

'S math an cuideachadh sluaigh dhuit  
Thu 'bhi 'n uachdar na corach,  
Gu coir t' athar a dhiughladh  
Air na h-Iudasaich dheamhnaidh.  
Ach na faireadh iad baòth thu,  
No blas faoin air do chomhradh;  
No mar chladheah bog staoine  
An truail chaoìn air a h-oradh.

Tha ard uaislean do righeachd  
'N dìugh gan stiogadh an claisean,

Is gam falach an guibhsaich  
 'N deidh do chuinneadh a phasadh.  
 Daoine beag' a rinn cillein,  
 'S iad lan gionaich gu 'n craicionn,  
 Tha nam parlamaid rioghail,  
 'N deidh an rìgh a chur seachad.

Tha na h-amraichean-muine  
 'Gabhail iuil 'sa chuan fharsuinn;  
 'S an loingear daraich a crìonadh,  
 'S am biodh fion gun dad airce,  
 Is 'gan tilgeadh air oitir,  
 As na portaibh a chleachd iad.—  
 Ma mhaireas an tuil so,  
 'S mairg a dh'fhuirich r'a faicinn.

Na Banntairean, the Covenanters. Einne, Enzie, a district in Bangshire belonging to the Gordons. An t-Eun Tuathach, the Cock of the North, a name given to the head of the Clan Gordon. Rìghe, the outstretched part or base of a mountain. Folach, rank grass growing upon dunghills. Loiseam, show, pomp. Staoin, pewter or tin. Stiog, to crouch or skulk. Amar, a trough; amraichean, troughs. Oitir, a reef of sand, a shoal.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntly, was beheaded at the market-cross in Edinburgh, March 22d, 1749. The Marquis of Argyll was in possession of Huntly's estate from 1648 until 1660.

### Cumha Mhontrois.

Mi gabhail srath Dhruinn-uachdair  
 'S beag m' aighear anns an uair so;  
 Tha 'n la air dol gu gruamnachd,  
 'S chan e tha buain mo sprochen.

Ge duilich leam 's ge diobhail  
 M' fhear-cinnidh math 'bhi dhith orm,  
 Chan fhasa leam an sgriob s'  
 'Fhanig air an righeachd bhoche.

Tha Alb' a dol fo chis-chain  
 Aig farbhalich gun fhirinn  
 Bharr a chalba dhi'ich;  
 'Sin cuid de m' dhiobhail ghoirt.

Tha Sasunnich 'gar foreigneadh,  
 'Gar creachadh is 'g ar marbhadh;  
 Gun gabh ar n- Athair fearg ruinn  
 Gun dearmad dhuinn, 's gur bochd.

Mar a bha cloinn Israel  
 Fo bhruid aig righ no h-Eiphait  
 Tha sinn-n' air a chor cheudna;  
 Chan eigh iad ruinn ach "siuc";  
 'S ar righ an deidh a chrunadh,  
 Mun gann a leum e ur-fhas,  
 Na thaisdealach bochd, ruisgte,  
 Gun gheard, gun chuart, gun choisd'.

Ga fharfhuadach as 'aite,  
 Gun duine leis de chairdean;  
 Mar luing air uachdar saile,  
 Gun stiur, gun ramh, gun phort.

Cha deid mi de Dhuneideann,  
 Bhon dhoirteadh fuil a Ghreumich,  
 An leoghann dileas, treubhach,  
 Ga cheusadh air a chroich.

B' e sud am fìor dhuin' uasal'  
 Nach robh de'n chinneadh shuarach,  
 S' bu ro mhath rugha gruaidhe  
 'N am tarruinn suas gu trod.

Deud chailc 'bu ro mhath dluthadh,  
 Fo mbala chaoil gun mhugaich;  
 Ge tric do dhreach gam dhusgadh  
 Cha ruisg mi 'chach e 'n nochd.

'Mhic Neill o Asainn chianail,  
 Nan glacainn ann am lion thu,  
 Bhiodh m' fhacal air do bhinn  
 Is cha diobrainn thu o 'n chroich.

Thu fein is t' athair ceile,  
 Fear-taighe sin na Leime,  
 Ged chrochteadh sibh le cheile,  
 Cha b' eirig air mo lochd.

Craobh ruisgt' de 'n abhall bhreugach,  
 Guu mheas, gun chliu, gun cheutadh,  
 'Bha riamh ri mort a cheile,  
 'N ur fuigheall bheum is chore.

Marbhaig ort, a mhiodhoir,  
 Gum b' olc a reic thu 'm firean—  
 Airson na mine Litich  
 Is da-thrian d' i goirt.

M' fhear-cinnidh math, Alasdair Mac Cholla.  
 Taisdealach, a wanderer. Farfhuadach, banish-  
 ing. Trod, a scolding, a fight, a battle. Miodhor,  
 a mean contemptible person.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was the only son of John, fourth earl of Montrose, and Margaret Ruthven, daughter of the Earl of Gowrie. He was born in the autumn of 1612. He was educated at St. Andrews. He succeeded his father as Earl of Montrose in 1626. He married in November, 1629, Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk, by whom he had three sons. He was hanged in Edinburgh, May 27th, 1650.

Neil MacLeod, tenth of Assynt, married Florence, daughter of Torquil Conanach Macleod, of Lewis, by whom he had three sons, Neil, John, and Alexander. Neil, 11th of Assynt, married a daughter of Col. John Munro, of Lemlair. He arrested Montrose and Major Sinclair, his companion, at Carbiesdale, in Ross-shire, April 27th. 1650. He received a sum of money and 400 bolls of meal as a reward for his service. He lost his estate. He died without issue some time after 1691.

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## Iorram.

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### DO MHAC-GILLEAIN DHUBHAIRT.

Ged is fada nu thuath mi,  
 Soraidh slan do na h-uaislean;  
 Leam bu mhithich 'bhi 'gluasad gu'r tir

Gu duthaich Shir Lachuinn  
 Nam piob is nam bratach;  
 'S mor bhur diobhail ri feachdan an righ.

Cha b'e leanntuinn na ludaig  
 Ris na teudan bu dluithe,  
 'Bheireadh mise do'r duthaich bhig, chrin.

Gur h-e bas Mhic-Gilleain,  
 Tha 'n reidhlig Orain na laighe,  
 A dh'fhag mise gun aighear, gun phris.

Agus Eachunn 's an araich  
 Fo thrupa nan naimhdean;  
 Fath mo thursa gach la 'bhi 'gur caoidh.

'S math thigeadh clogaide cruadhach  
Air cul bachlach nan dual glan;  
Gnuis fhathail is gruaidh mar am fion;

Agus spainteach gheur thairis  
Ann an ceann claiginn ealant,  
Is sgiath threachd nam ball daingeann  
    'gad dhion.

Nam biodh again air blaran  
De chlann-Domhnaill 's de m' chairdean  
'Mheud sa chunnaic mi 'n armait an righ;

'Mheud 'sa chunnaic mi fein diu  
'Teachd air luingeas a Eirinn,  
De shliochd gasda Chuinn cheud-chàth  
    nam pios;

Cha bu shiochaint bhur cogadh  
'N am dol sìos an tus troide,  
A dhream rioghail nan clogad 's nam pic.

Chluinnteadh farum 'ur claidhean  
Air claignibh 'ur namhad  
Agus blaiùhean nan ceann 'gan toirt sìos.

'Siomad cubaire gealtach  
'Tha buidhinn cuirt ann an Sasunn  
'Bha 'ga chubadh mar chat ann an craoibh;

Agus rogaire breugach  
'Bha mu mhilleadh rìgh Seurlas,  
A ta 'nis oirnn ag eirigh gu strìth.

'S mur a caochail sibh cleachdadh,  
Gu ma taobh-dhearg bhur leapan,  
'S fuil a taosgadh an claisean 's an dig.

Gum biodh feadarsaich luaidhe  
An lorg sraide na cluaise,  
'S mnai ri gal, 's cha bu chruaidh leum an  
    caoidh.

Tairis, trusty. Cubaire, a shabby sneaking  
fellow.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart died April 18th, 1648. Sir Hector Roy, his son and successor, was killed at the battle of Inverikething, with 760 of his followers, July 20th, 1651.

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## Tilleadh an Dara Rìgh Tearlach.

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'S mi am shineadh air m' uilinn  
Ann an ard ghleannan mulaich,  
Is mòr abhar mo shulais ri gaire.

Ged is fada 'nam thosd mi,  
Ma 's a cuis sin a 's olc leibh,  
Thig gu h-ealamh an sop as mo bhraghad;

On bha sheanus' oirnn a chluinntinn,  
Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirnn,  
Gun do thionndaidh a chuibhl mar b' aill  
leinn,

Biodh a chas so air chriseachd  
Le mo bhata 's le m' phoca,  
Is an lamh ann ga stobadh gu sar mhath,

Gur mi-iomchuidh an ni dhuinn,  
A bhi stad ann am prìosan  
An am tighinn do 'n rìgh a chum aite.

'Thug ar n-Athair dhuinn furtachd  
As na cliathan teann, druidte,  
Nuair a dh'iarr sinn air uichair a gharaidh,

Is a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,  
Bhon a charadh an crunn ort,  
Gum biodh Dia na fhear-stiuiridh air t'  
fhardaich;

Bhon a chaidh thu 'sa chathair,  
 Gun aon bhuille le claidheabh,  
 N ainngloirmhor an Athair 'san Ard Righ;

Bhon a thasaig thu 'd righeachd,  
 Mar a b' oil le d' luchd mioruin,  
 Ann an coinnimh ri mìle ciad failthe.

'S iomadh iochdran mor, misgeach,  
 'S miosa run dhiut na mise,  
 'Tha 'cur staigh am pitisin an drasda.

Luchd nan torra-chaisteal liatha,  
 Air an stormadh le iarunn,  
 B' olc na lorgairean riamh ann ad gheard  
 iad.

Cha b' fhas' an dusgadh a cadal  
 Nam madadh-ruadh 'chur a braclaich,  
 Nuair fhuaradh thu lag 's iad ga t' aicheadh.

Na dearg mheirlich 'chaidh 'dh-aon taobh,  
 'S a dhoirt fuil Morair Hunndaidh,  
 S math a cho sinn le bunndaist am paig-  
 headh.

Leam is eibhinn mar thachair,  
 Mar a dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud;  
 Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.

Cha robh uibhir 's na cairtean  
 Nach robh tionndadh mi-cheart orr';  
 Bha mo shuileam gam faicinn an trath ud.

S olc an leasan am bhiadhna,  
 Mur a furtaich thu Dhia air,  
 A ta feitheamh an Iarla neo bhaigheil.

An am rusgadh a choileir,  
 Theid an ceann deth o 'n choluinn,  
 Gloir mar 's cubhaidh is moladh do 'n Àrd-  
 Righ.



Mhaighdean dubh-riabhach, smachdail,  
 'Dh' fhagas giallan gun mhearsuinn,  
 Bheir i 'm fiabhras a Marcus Earrghaidheal.

Ged 's e 'thus chan e dheireadh  
 Do luchd-dusgaidh an teine;  
 'S mar mo run do gach fear dhe do chaird-  
 ean.

'S mor gum b' fhearr air gach doigh dhuit  
 Na na chruinnich thu 'storas,  
 A bhi tional an otraich gu d' gharadh.

Seannsa, luck, chance. Lorgair, one that  
 tracks a spy. Bunndaist, wages, perquisites.  
 Mearsuinn, strength.

Charles II. returned to Britain in 1660.  
 He entered London on the 29th of May.  
 He was crowned in Westminster Abbey,  
 April 23rd, 1661. The Marquis of  
 Argyll was executed in Edinburgh, May  
 27th, 1661.

## Mort Na Ceapich.

'S tearc an diugh mo chuis ghaire  
 'Tigh'nn na raidean so 'n iar,  
 'G amharc fonn Ionarlair  
 'N deidh a stracadh le siol;  
 Ged tha 'Cheapach na fasach,  
 Gun aon aird oirr' a's fiach.  
 'S furasd' fhaicinn, a bhraithrean,  
 Gur trom 'bharc oirnn an t-sionn.

'S fad' bhios cuimhn' air an Aolne  
 'Dh' fhag a chaoidh sinn fo sprochd,

Ann an am na Feill-Micheil,  
 'S cha bu ni 'chall air flod;  
 Ach bhi 'n diugh 'n ar cuis-bhurta  
 Mar mhiol-buirn air an loch;  
 'N uair 'theid gach cinneadh a dh-aon taobh,  
 Bidh sinne sgaoilt' mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann Di-sathuirne gearr bhuainn  
 Bhuail an t-earchall orm goirt,  
 'S mi os cionn nan corp geala  
 'Bha 'call fala fo 'n bhrot:  
 Bha mo lamhan-sa craobh dhearg  
 'N deidh bhi taosgadh bhur lot;  
 'S e bhur cur ann sa chiste  
 Turn a's misde mo thoirt.

B' iad mo ghaol na cuirp chul-bhuidh'  
 'Sam bu dluth cuir nan sgian  
 'S iad 'nan sineadh air urlar  
 'N seomar ur gan cur sios,  
 Fo chasan Shiol Dughail,  
 Luchd a spuilleadh nan cliar;  
 Dh' f hag ailedh am biodag  
 Mar sgail ruidil bhur bian.

Fha 'n taigh cadail 'n diugh duinte,  
 'Se gun smuid deth, gun cheo;  
 Far an d'aom iad d' ur n-ionnsaidh  
 'Thaobh ur cuil is ur beoil,  
 Ach nan robh agaibh uin'  
 Bho 'r luchd mi-ruin a bhi beo,  
 Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,  
 Bhiodh ann muirn agus ceol.

'S fuar caidreamh taigh-tabhairn,  
 'San robh gairich is cosd,  
 Far nach cluinnear guth clarsich  
 Ach goir chraiteach nam bochd;  
 'N diugh mar thaileasg fo dhaoin'  
 Tha t' fhearann sgaoilte 's e nochd;  
 Tilgear urchair na disne,  
 'S chi gach ti am meur goint'.

Oirne thanig an diombuaidh  
 Is an iomagain gheur,  
 Mar bha claidheabh ar fine  
 Cho minig 'nar deidh;  
 Paca Thureach gun sireadh  
 A bhi pinneadh bhur cleibh,  
 Bhi 'nur breacain 'gur filleadh  
 'Measg 'ur ciunnidh mhoir fein.

'Leith'd de mhort cha robh 'n Albinn,  
 Ged bu bharbarr' a gleus;  
 S' cha bu laghail an t-sealg e  
 'Chosnadh sealbh rioghachd Dhe.  
 Ge b'e 'm fath mu 'n robh 'n sgionadh,  
 'Chaoidh chan innis mi 'n sgeul;  
 Cha dan' a leithid de mhilleadh  
 Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghrein.

Ghabh sibh roimhe so fath oirnn,  
 Dh' fheuch bhur cairdeas ruinn geur;  
 Chaidh sibh 'staigh ann san fhasach  
 'N uair a thar sibh bhi reidh;  
 Chuir sibh cungaidh a chaise  
 'Staigh an aros nan teud,  
 'S cuid de 'm buaillichean ba-chruidh  
 Ann an garadh nam peur.

Cait an robh e fo 'n adhar  
 'Sheall 'nur bathais gu geur,  
 Nach dugadh dhuibh athadh,  
 Luchd 'nr labhairt 's 'ur beus,  
 Mach bho chlann bhrath 'r 'ur n-athar,  
 'Mheall an t-aibhistear treun?  
 Ach ged rinn iad bhur lot-sa,  
 'S trom an rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha leann-dubh 'na chas cruaidh orm,  
 'Tigh 'nn an uaigneas mo chleibh;  
 Leis mar dh' f has e 'na chuan orm,  
 B' fhearr leam bhuam e marcheud.  
 Ciamar dh' fhaodas mi dìreadh,

Gun ite dh'fles 'nam sgeith;  
Is luchd deanamh na sìthne  
Bhi feadh na tire gun deidh.

'S og a bha sibh de bhliadhnaibh,  
Ghlac an ciatadh sibh luath;  
'S glan a nochd sibh bhur ciall  
Gu cur bhur riaghailtean 'suas.  
Ge b'e ghabhadh rium fiabhras  
Bhi 'gur n-iargain 's sibh bhuam,  
Bidh mi 'cumha mu 'r riasladh  
Gus an liath air mo ghruaig.

Chuir Dia oirnn mac oighre  
Gu bhi 'na choinnleir roimh chach,  
'Chum gun soillsicheadh 'sholus  
Mar phreas-tòridh fo bhath.  
'S mi gum freagradh do chaismeachd  
Air fraoch-bhratich gun chearb,  
Dealbh do bradain, do dhobhrain,  
Do luing', leoghin, 's laimh dheirg.

Dh' ordich Dia dhuinn craobh-shiochaint  
'Chumadh dìon oirnn le treoir,  
Do 'm bu choir dhuinn bhi strìochdadh  
Fhad 's an cian 'bhiomid beo.  
Ma 's sinn fhin a chuir dìth oirr'  
Chan fhearr a chrìoch a thig oirnn;  
Tuitidh tuagh as na flaitheas  
Leis an sgathar na meoir.

An glan fhiuran so 'bh' aginn  
'N taobh so fhlaithheas Mhic Dhe,  
An t-aon fhliuran a b'aillidh'  
'Bh' ann sa phairc an robh speis,  
Thanig sgiursadh a bhais air  
'Thug gu lar e 'dh-aon bheum,  
Mar gum buaineadh sibh ailean  
Leis an fhaladair gheur.

'S math is toilltinneach sinne  
'Bhi gu minig am pein,

Ehon a ghlac sinn fal spiorad  
 Ann an ionad fiamh Dhe.  
 Mar luirg bhris' air an linge,  
 Ged bu mhillis am beul,  
 Bha na daoine dha 'm buineadh  
 A bhi umaibh mar sgeith.

Tha mulad air 'm inntinn  
 A bhi 'g innseadh bhur beus':  
 'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh  
 N uair chaidh 'ur fagail leibh fein.  
 'S bochd an sgeul eadar bhraithrean  
 'Dhol an lathair Mhic Dhe,  
 Mar a chreachadh na fiurain  
 Leis na h-iudasich bhreun.

Cha b'e sud 'bha mi 'g ionndrainn,  
 Ge do phlunndrig iad sibh,  
 Ach na h-oganich chul-bhuidh'  
 Air an lubadh 'san lion.  
 'S e 'chuir stad air mo shugradh  
 'S 'dh-fhag mo shuilean gun dion,  
 Sibh bhi sint' ann sa chruisle  
 'S graisg na duthcha gun fhiamh.

Gun sealladh Dia oirnn le 'ghrasan  
 Ge b'e la thig ar crìoch,  
 Bhon is mallicht' an t-al sinn  
 'S gur mairg a ch-araich ar trian;  
 Is gne Thurcach gun bhaigh sinn  
 Ach nach d' aichaidh sinn Crìosd;  
 Fagaidh muir air an t'aigh sinn  
 Mar chulidh-bhaite gun dion.

'Sheil an stoc as an d' fhas sibh,  
 'Cur bhur bais an neo-shuim,  
 'S uir-luch riabhach na pairce  
 'Gabhail saith fo fhal-fuinn?  
 Ciamar 'dh 'fhuilingeas tu fein sud,  
 Gun t' fhuil a dh' eirigh fo thuinn,  
 'S gur tu 'thog iad 'nan oige,  
 'Staigh mu bhord an Dun-tuilm?

'S iomad oganach treubhach,  
 'Shiubhleadh reidh is glaic chrom,  
 Eadar ceann Drochaid Eire  
 'S Rudha Shleite nan tonn,  
 A ghrad dheanadh leat éirigh,  
 'Dheagh Shir Seumas nan long,  
 'S leis 'm bu mhiann 'bhi' diol t'eirig,  
 Nam biodh do chrenuhag lan tholl.

Ach a Mhorair Chloinn-Domhnaill  
 'S fad' do chomhnidh 'measc Ghall;  
 Dh' fhag thu sinn' ann am breislich  
 Nach do fhreasdail thu 'n t-am;  
 Cha mho ghleidh thu na gibhtean  
 'Chaidh gun fhios duit air chall;  
 Tha sinn corrach as t' aogais,  
 Mar cholainn sgaoilte gun cheann.

A Mhic Moire 's a Chrìosda  
 'Dh' fhuiling pian nan coig creuchd,  
 Faic mar theill iad an diteadh.  
 Gach aon ti 'bha mu 'n eug;  
 Ma tha toradh 'san diogh 'ltas  
 'Chur do righeachd an leud,  
 Gaoir na fala tha 'dhith orm  
 Gu ruige sith flaitheas De.

Strac, fill to the brim. Aird, condition, preparation. Sion, a storm. Flod, floating. Miol-buirn, a whale. Earchall, loss, calamity. Brod, properly brat, a bed-cover. Toirt, attention to business, strength, importance. Aileadh, a mark. Taighabhairn, a house of entertainment. Nochd, naked, bare, exposed. Diombuaidh, bad luck, misfortune. Barbarra, or borbarra, barbarous. Sgionadh, or sgeanadh, knifing. Cungaighd, ingredients, materials, means. Athadh, respect, sparing through pity, fear. Rosad, misfortune, evil. Ciatadh, or ceutadh, gracefulness, pleasantness, kindness. Faladair, speal, a scythe. Fal or feall, false, deceitful. Uirluch, a mole. Fal-fuinn, a hoe. Reidh, a level place. Glaic or glac, a hollow, a short narrow valley.

Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch, Alasdair nan Cleas, had three sons, Raonull Og, Domhnall Glas, and Alasdair Buidhe. He was succeeded by his son Raonull Og, who was succeeded by his son Angus. Angus, who was killed at Slson-a-Chlachain in 1640, was succeeded by Domhnall Glas, second son of Alasdair nan Cleas. Domhnall Glas married a daughter of Forester of Kilbaggie in Clackmannanshire, by whom he had two sons, Alexander and Ronald. Alexander, Alasdair Mor, succeeded his father. He was an excellent young man. Alasdair Buidhe, third son of Alasdair nan Cleas, had acted as Tutor of Keppoch for a number of years. He was an ambitious, selfish, and unscrupulous man, and resolved to get rid of his two nephews, Alexander and Ronald by assassination in order to secure the chieftainship of the Macdonalds of Keppoch for himself. He had five sons, Allan, Archibald, Alexander, Donald, and Ronald. Allan and Donald, assisted by Alasdair Ruadh Mac-Dhughail of Ionarlaire and his six sons, went stealthily to Keppoch house and murdered Alasdair Mor and his brother Ronald, who was only a young boy. The horrible deed was committed in September, 1663.



“Mort na Ceapich” is a very beautiful poem, and gives us a good view of John Lom in a state of repose. He stands before us as a tender-hearted and faithful friend, a preacher of truth and righteousness, and a man of firm faith in a just God. The appeals to Macdonald of Sleat and MacDonald of Glengarry show good sense and good taste. The poet was a skilful pleader.

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### Cumha.

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DO MHAC-MHIC-RAONAILL NA CEAPICH AGUS  
A BHRATHAIR, A CHAIDH A MHORT 'SA  
BHLIADHNA, 1663.

'S mi am shuidh' air bruaich torrain  
Mu 'n cuairt do Choire-na-cleithe;

Ged nach h- 'eil mo chas crubach,  
Tha lot na's mu orm fo m' leine;

Ged nach h- eil mo bhian sracte,  
Tha fo m' aisne mo chreuchdan;

'S chan e curam na h-inrich,  
No iomagain na spreidhe;

No bhi gam chur do Cheann-taile,  
'S gun fhios cia 'n t-aite do 'n deid mi;

Ach bhi 'n nochd gun cheann-cinnidh;  
'S tric 's gur minig leam fein sin;

Ceann-cinnidh nam Braigheach  
'Chuireadh sgath air luchd-Beurla.

Tha mo choill air a maoladh,  
Ni a shaoil leam nach eireadh.



Tha mo chnothan air faoisgneadh,  
'S cha bu chaoch iad ri 'm feuchinn.

Chan fheil ann diu ach tuaileas,  
Dh' fhan iad bhuam am barr gheugan.

Cha b'e fuaim do ghreigh lodain  
'Gheibht' a sodrich gu feilltean;

No geum do bha tomain  
'Dol an coinnimh a ceud laoigh;

No uisge nan sluasid  
Bharr druablas na feithe.

'S e bu mhiann le d' luchd-taighe.  
'Bhi gan tathich le beusan;

Mu dha thaobh Garbh-a-chonnidh,  
Far 'm biodh na sonnanich gle mhor.

Le am morgha geur, sgaiteach,  
Frith bhacach, garbh leumnach.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh leam t' uaisle  
'Thigh'nn an uachdar ort 'eudail;

Is a liuthad sruth uaibhreach  
As 'n do bhuaineadh thu 'n ceud uair.

Ceist nam fear thu bho'n Fhearsit  
Is bho Cheapich nam peuran;

Bho Loch-treig an fheoir dhosrich,  
'S bho Shrath-Oisein nan reidhlean,

'S bho cheann Daire-na-mine  
Gu Sron-na-h-iolaire leithe.

Sliochd an Alasdair Charrich  
'Rachadh allail 'na eideadh;

Sar mhac an Iarl Ilich  
Ceannard mhiltean is cheudan.

'S ro mhath shloinninn do shìnnseadh,  
Fuil dhireach Chuinn Cheud-chathich;

Bho mhac an rìgh Spaintich  
A rinn tamh ann an Eirinn.

Sìol Mhìlìdh nan cathan  
A bha grathun 'san Eìphait.

B'è mo chreach is mo ghonadh  
Nacn d'fhuair thu cothram na Feinne.

Gun tigh'nn ort 's tu 'nad chadal  
Ann an leaba gun eirigh,

'S ann air maduinn Di-domhnaich  
'Rinn na meirlich do reubadh;

Da mhac brathair t' athar,  
Gum bu scrathail leam fein sud.

Agus seachd de shìol Dughaill  
Luchd spuilleadh nan ceudan.

Ach thig Sir Seumas nam bratach,  
'S bheir e 'm mach dhuinn bhur n-eirig;

Agus Aonghus bho Ghairidh,  
Leoghan fathramach gleusta;

'S gun a choimas air thalamh  
An am tarruinn nan geur-lann.

Thig na cinn dibh a chonaibh,  
'S ann leam 'bu toilicht' an sgeula.

## Oran do Shìol Dughaill.

'S trom 's gur h-eis leineach m' aigne,  
'N duigh gur feudar dhomh aideach',  
'S iad gam ruagadh mar chabrach nan torr.

Iad gam fhogradh a Clachaig,  
'S mi gun mhanas, gun aitreabh,  
'S nach h-e 'm mal a tha fairtleachadh orm.

Iad gam fhogradh a m' dhuthaich,  
 'S m' fhearann posd' aig Siol Dughail,  
 'S iad am tarail gun uraich iad coir.

Iad gam fhogradh gun aobhar,  
 'S nach mi shalaich an t-saobhaidh,  
 Mar mhadadh-alluidh 's a chaonnag mu  
 'shroin.

Mo ni 's m' earnais feadh monaidh,  
 'S mi mar ghearr eadar chonaibh,  
 Gun chead tearnadh' measg loinne no feoir.

Bho nach d' fhas mi 'm fhear-murta,  
 Gu bhi sathadh mo chuirce,  
 Mar na cealgairean curta 's taighmhor.

Bha fuil chradhbhach o lotan,  
 'Dh' fhaoidt' a thogail le copan,  
 'Ruith na carchain mu bholtaibh nam brog.

Ach ged 'mhort an luchd-reubainn—  
 Na fir og' a b'fhearr beusan,  
 'S mis' 'tha 'n diugh ann an eiginn bho 'n toir.

Mar lagh Sgìre Ma-Cheallaig,  
 Anns na linntean nach maireann,  
 Nuair a dhìt iad an gearran 'sa mhod.

Lagh cho cearr 's a bha 'm Breatunn,  
 'Bhi le meirleach a seasamh,  
 Is ga thearnaadh bho leadairt nan cord.

Cleas gpiomh narach na musaig  
 A bha posd aig a chruiteir  
 Nuair a bhual i sa phluic e le dorn.

A bhean challaidh gun obadh,  
 'Chionn a dochair a thogail,  
 B' aill leath' fhagail gu h-obann gun deo.

Bha a bheist air a buaireadh  
 No ciont fhein 's i lan uabhair,  
 'S chaidh an eucoir an uachdar gu mor.

A Ruaidh robaich nam maodal,  
 Ged a stobadh tu caolain,  
 'S beag dhe d' chogadh a shaoil mi 'bhiodh  
 oirnn.

'S aobhar mulaid is naire  
 Gum faict' fhathasd a lathair  
 Na fir bhorb 'bha mu strathadh nan og.

Ach faodar cadal gu seistail,  
 Aig fìor fhadal Shir Seumas,  
 Leig each ladarnas deistinneach leo.

'S truagh nach faicinn do loingear;  
 'S mi nach brisdeadh a choinnimh,  
 Nam biodh coiseachd air chomas dhomh beo.

Bhiodh do ghilleaen gun smalan,  
 Sruth a mireadh ri 'daraich,  
 'S a croinn ghuibhais fo sparradh nan seol.

Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,  
 Bhiodht' a pasgadh a h-aodaich,  
 'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaoil 'dol air  
 doigh.

Raimh m' n' dunadh na basaibh  
 Bhiodh a lubadh air bhacaibh;  
 Sud a chursachd o 'n atadh na leois.

Bhiodh fìr chalin' air a totaibh,  
 I 'na deann chum na cloiche,  
 Is muir dhughorm a spoltadh mu 'bord.

Cabrach, a deer. Manas, a cultivated piece  
 of ground, a farm. Loinn, a cornfield. Curta,  
 wicked, impious. Seistail, having a couch or  
 bed.

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The Siol Dughail were Macdonalds.  
 They came from Moidart to Lochaber  
 about the year 1547. Alasdair Ruadh  
 was the principal man among them in

Alasdair Buidhe's time. He lived at Ionarlaire. He was put to death for the Keppoch murder by the Ciaran Mabach in 1665. His six sons were slain at the same time.

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## An Ciaran Mabach.

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Ged 's eun fograidh mi 'san tir so.

Air mo ruagadh as na crìochan,

Gloir do Dhia 's do dh-Iarla Shifort,

Cha bhi sinn tuilleadh fo 'n bhinn æ',

'Shir Seumas nan tur 's nam baideal,

Gheibh luchd muirne cuirm ad aitreabh;

Ged a rinn thu 'n dùsal cadail,

'S eibhinn leam do dhusgadh maidne.

Slan fo d' thriall, a Chiarain Mhabich,

'Shinbhleadh sliabh gun bhiadh, gun chadal;

Fraoch fo d' bhroig gun bhosd, gun bha-  
gradh;

Chuir thu ceo fo 'n roiseal bhradach.

Diciadain a chaidh thu 't uidhim,

Le d' bhratich aird 's le d' ghillibh dubha.

Thug thu sgriob an nall a Uibhist,

'S bhuail thu 'd dheann aig ceann an uidhe.

Chuir thu stopadh air na caolais

Mun deant'sgial mu d' thriall a sgaoileadh.

Cha robh coit no ramh no taoman

Nach do ghlacadh le do dhaoine.

Cha d' iarr thu bat no long dharich

Ri am geamhradh 'a tus na gaillinn;

Triubhas teann feadh bheann is bheulach;

Coiseachd bhonn ge trom do mheallag.

Rinn thu mhoch-etrigh Didomhnich,  
 Cha b' ann gu 'n aitreabh a chomhdach;  
 Ach thoirt am mach nan cas cheann doite,  
 'S chur sradaig fo bhraclich na feola.

'S buidheach mis' airson do ghnìomha;  
 Cuid de 'n achain 'bha mi 'g iarraidh,  
 'N grad spadadh le glas lainn latha,  
 'S bhi tarrainn ghad air fad am fiacal.

Bhon smachdaich thu 'n Ionarlair' iad,  
 'S a chuir thu gach cuis gu h-aite,  
 Mun d' sgaoil thu t' itean air saile,  
 'S feirrd do mheas e 'measg nan Gaidheal.

'S ann leam nach bu chruaidh a ghaoir ud  
 Bh' aig mnathaibh galach nam falt sgaoilte,  
 Nuair a bha na fir nach maoineadh  
 'Sealg nam boc mu dhos nam maoiseach.

'S ma'irg a rinn fhlaolum 'san drochbheirt,  
 'N deidh a phlaosgaidh 'fhuair bhur plocan;  
 Claignean gan slaodadh o chorpaidh,  
 Mar chinn laogh an deidh nan corcan.

Meallag, the belly. Ploc, a cheek, a large  
 head. Faolum or foghlum, learning.

## Rannan.

Eadar Brìan, am Bard Asainteach, agus  
 Iain Lom.

### BRIAN.

Thoir soraidh gu Iain Manntach bhuam,  
 Rag mheirleach nan each breanndalach;  
 Gur tric a thug am mealltair ud  
 Leis meann am mach o 'n chro.

B' e fasan fir a Bhraigh' agaibh,  
 'S da thaobh Loch-Iall gu Arisaig,  
 Bhiodh sgian 'san dara brathair dhiu  
 Mu urad ara 'dh-fheoil.

## IAIN LOM.

A theanga llotach, mhiorailteach,  
 Nach tuig thu bhí gad dhlomoladh.  
 'S mithich tarruinn gu claidh-lionraith leat  
 'S am faigheadh Brian a leoir.

Cha b' chubair a ghóid ghearran mí,  
 Cha d' chuir mí uídh 'san ealain sin;  
 S' e a mho a chum e caithris orm  
 'Bhí dol an caratbh cro.

Thoir soraidh gu bard Asaint bhuam,  
 Gu seann bhus liath nan ceapairean;  
 Gur coltach do bheal rapasach  
 Rí slait de 'n chealtair chloith.

Beul salach, molach, feusagach,  
 Lan snuig is ronn is reumannan;  
 'S gur tric do bhru 'sa gheisgeil ort  
 'N deidh faigheal creis nam bord.

A sheann-tuir leith nan ursannan,  
 Gur tric a dheabh thu cupachan,  
 'Sa chaidil thu 'sna guiteirean  
 An deidh do ghucag ol.

An uair bu dluithe 'n alleag ort,  
 Bu lionmhor cu is galla 'bhíodh  
 A toirt nan sul 's nam mala dhíot,  
 'S tu bruchdadh baladh feol'.

Gur salachar lic' is urlair thu,  
 Lan sgeig is goimh is druisealachd,  
 Mar bharaill 'n deidh a t-ionndadh  
 'Se 'cur sgum gu barr-iall bhrog.

Ged 's cam am mulgh mu d' ghluinean thu,  
 Gur caime 'staigh fo d' shuillean thu',  
 'S tu traoiteir nan seachd duthchannan  
 A reic an crun air ghrot.

Ara, a kidney. Miorailteach, incomprehensible. Cealtair, thick gray cloth. Cubair, a sneak. Ealain, trade. Smug, snot. Ronn, slaver. Reum, phlegm. Seann-tur, an old acquaintance. Deabh, drain, dry up. Druisealachd, lecherousness.

## Rannan.

Eadar Domhnull Gruamach agus Iain Lom.

### DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

A bhean nam pog mealla,  
'N nan gorm-shuilean meallach,  
'S ann tha mo chion falaich  
Fo m' bhannan do m' ghradh.

Chan fheil mi gad leirsinn,  
Ach mar gum biodh reul ann  
An taic ris a ghrein so  
'Tha 'g eirigh gach la.

### IAIN LOM.

Air leatsa gur reul i,  
'S gur coltach ri grein so  
'S og a chaill thu do leirsinn,  
Ma thug thu 'n eiseig ud do ghradh.

Boladh uilleadh an sgadain  
De dh-urlainn na h-apa;  
'S i 's cubaiche faicinn  
'Tha 'n taice ri traigh.

### DOMHNULL GRUAMACH.

Fios bhuam gu Iain Mabach,  
Dha 'm bu dual a bhi 'gadachd,  
Nach co-ion da bhi 'caig rium  
'S ri cabaire baird.

A bhusaire rodnaich,  
Fhir nam pliut-chasan croma,  
Tha na cuspan air lomadh  
Gu bonnaibh do shail'.



A phliutaire bhusaich,  
 Fhìr nam brusg-shiulean musach,  
 Chan fhasa do thuigsinn  
 Na plubartaich cail.

Ged tha thu 'm' fhuil dhirich,  
 Naile, cumaidh mi sìos thu;  
 Cha bhi coille gun chrìonaich  
 Gu dìlinn a fas.

Fuigheal fìor-dheireadh feachd thu,  
 Chan fhìach le each ac' thu;  
 Chaill thu t' inghnean sa Cheapich,  
 'S griobadh prais' agus chlar.

#### IAIN LOM.

Fios bhuamsa dhuit, 'ille,  
 Chaill thu dualchas do chinnidh;  
 Gu bheil thu air mhìre  
 Le inisgean baird.

Mì cho saor de no ronnan  
 Rì aon beo dhe do shloinneadh;  
 Naile, rinn thu bhreug shoilleir  
 Am follais do chach.

Ma 's ann ormea mar dhimeas,  
 Ghabh thu choill as a crìonaich,  
 Iarr an dòire na 's isle  
 Fo iochdar do chlair.

Mur bhi dhomhsa mac t' athar,  
 Is ann da tha mi 'g athadh,  
 Naile, chuirinn ort athais,  
 'Tha faisg, air do chail.

Milleadh, oil. Cubach, bent. Brusg-shuil,  
 brach-shuil, or reask-shuil, a blear eye. Athais,  
 a slur, a reproach.

## Iorram.

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DO SHIR SEUMAS MOR MAC-DHOMHNAILL.

Moch 's mi 'g eirigh 'sa mhaduinn,  
'S trom eiseleineach m' algneadh,  
'S nach eighear mi 'n caidreamh nam braith-  
rean.

Leam is aithghear an ceilidh  
'Rinn mi mar ris an t-Seu nas  
Ris 'n do dhealich mi 'n de roimh la caisge.

Dia 'na stiuir air an darach  
'Dh' fhalbh air thus an t-siuil-mhara  
Seal mun d'ug e 'cheud bhoinne de thraghadh.

A chrom chranntairneach riabhach,  
Luchdmhor, laidir, saidh-dhionach,  
Leam a b' ait 'bhi 'g ol fion' air a claraibh.

Cha bu mharcich' eich sreine  
A chumadh geall reis riut  
'N uair a thogteadh do bhreid os-cionn saile.

'N uair a chairteadh riut tonnag  
Air chuan iargalt nan dronnag,  
'S iomad gleann leis an cromadh tu t' earr-  
linn.

'N uair a shuidheadh fear stiuir ort  
An am fagail do dhuthcha,  
Bu mhear-shruthach cuan dubh-ghlas fo d'  
shail-sa.

Cha b' iad na lus-chrubain mheanbha  
'Bhiodh mu d' chupuill ag eilgheadh,  
Nuair a dh' eireadh mor shoirbheas le bar-  
cadh.

Ach na fuirbinnean treuna,  
 'S math a dh' iomradh 's a dh' eigheadh,  
 'S bheireadh tulg an tus cleith air ramh  
 braghad.

'N uair a dh' fhalichteadh fo uisg' i,  
 Is nach faicteadh lan suidh dh' i,  
 Bhiodh luchd-a-taighe 'sior-lubadh 'a h-  
 alaich.

'S iad gun eagal, gun eislein,  
 A sior fhreagairt d' a cheile,  
 'N uair a thigeadh muir beucach, cas, ard  
 orr'.

'Dol timchioll Rudha na Cailich.  
 Bu mhath siubhal a darich  
 'Gearradh astair gu caithream Chaoil-  
 Acuinn;

'Casgairt tuinn a chuain fhiadhich,  
 Mar bu chuibhe dhuinn iarridh,  
 'Mach gu Uibhist bhig, riabbich, nan cradh-  
 gheadh.

Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,  
 'Fhuair a treachailt le 'h-eirbheirt,  
 'Nuair a thigeadh oirr' doirbh shion le gab-  
 hadh.

Gum b' ard-shranntach air muir i,  
 A siubhal ghleann gun bhi currtha,  
 'S buill chainbe troimh 'dulagaibh arda.

Sar Mhac-Dhomhnaill an Duin oirr',  
 'S do mhac oighre 's mor curam;  
 'S i do cheill 'fhuair an cliu 'measg nan  
 Gaidheal.

Do mhac Uibhisteach, Sleiteach,  
 D' am bu chubhidh bhi steudmhor  
 'Mach o'n rugha d'an eighteadh Dun-  
 Sgathich.

An t-og misneachail, treubhach,  
 'Slochd nam Milidh a Eirinn,  
 A bha gleust' air chul sgeith' ann sna bla-  
 raibh.

Gur a mor mo chion fein ort,  
 Ged nach bi mi ga eigheach,  
 'Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh na Braighich.

Ceist nam ban o Loch-treig thu,  
 'S o Shrath Oisein na Feinne;  
 Gheibhteadh bruic agus feidh air a h-arinn.

Dh' eireadh buidheann a Ruaidh leat,  
 'Lubadh iubhar mu 'n guai'libh,  
 'Thig o bruthichean fuar' Charn-na lairce.

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh  
 Clann-Iain o 'n Innein  
 'S iad a rachadh 'san iomairt, neo-sgathach.

'S iomad oganach treubhach,  
 Is glac chrom air chul sgeith aig',  
 'Thig gu d' bhratich, a threun laoich nan  
 Gaidheal.

Is a fhreagradh dha t' eigheach,  
 Nan cuireadh tu feum orr',  
 'Nuair a chluinneadh iad fein do chrois-tara.

Ged b'e Mart cur a choirc' e,  
 'S mi nach tilleadh o stoc bhuaibh,  
 'S ann a bhidhinn an toiseach a bhata.

'N uair 'bhiodh each deanamh gnìomha  
 Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth diomhain,  
 'G ol mo ghuscaig 's mi 'm shineadh air  
 faradh.

Seol-mara, tide. Tonnag, a mantle. Earrlinn,  
 keel. Lus-chrubain, weak fellows like droop-  
 ing weeds. Cupnill, shrouds. Alach, a bank of  
 oars. Bruchag, a leaky boat. Eirbheirt, mo-  
 tion. Currtha, fatigued. Arinn, a deer forest.  
 Glac, the hollow of the hand. Gusgag a  
 bumper.

## Marbhrann do Shir Seumas Mac-Dhomhnaill.

---

Gur a mis' tha fo phramh,  
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar ;  
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.

'S e do thuras o'n Dun  
A dh' fhag snìgh' air mo shuil,  
'S a bhi faicinn do thuir gun cheo.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,  
Gun eich gam modhadh le sreìn ;  
Dh' fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas og.

Bhiodh do ghillea mu seach  
'Taomadh dìbhe b' fhearr blas,  
Fion Spainteach dearg datht' is beoir;

'S uisge-beatha nam pios  
'Rachadh t' airgiod ga dhiol ;  
Chit' an gloin' e mar ghriogan oir.

Nuair a rachadh tu 'strìth  
Ann an armailt an rìgh,  
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mìl-each gorm,

Nam biodh gairm ort am mach  
A chur naimhdean fo smachd,  
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leoid.

Bu leat fìr an taoibh tuath,  
Fìr a Bhraighe so shuas,  
Is Mac-Griogair bho Ruadh-Shruth chno.

Bhiodh clann-Iain an nall,  
Bho throm dhubhar nam beann,  
'Chuireadh saighead le srann am feoil.

Bhiodh a Atholl an nios  
Comhlan gasda gun sgios,  
Fo 'n triath gaisgeanta, finealt', og.

Bu leat Clann-Farlain nan sgiath,  
 'Bh' aig fear t' aite-sa riamh,  
 'S Mac-an-Aba le 'chiad fear mor.

Gur ma sealbhach mar thriath  
 Do dheagh mhac air an t-sliabh,  
 Ann an duthaich nan cliar r'a bheo.

'Fhir a dh' fhuiling am bas.  
 'S a dhoirt t' fhuil air ar sgath,  
 Na leig mulad gu brath d'a choir.

Modhadh, training, taming. Mil-each, a war-horse. Gorm, denoting the color of horses, dark grey.

---

It was at one time supposed that the Clan Donnachie, or Robertsons, were descended from Duncan, a natural son of Angus Mor of Islay. The Robertsons have no connection with the MacDonalds. It is fairly certain that they are descended from the old earls of Athole. Duncan, their progenitor, was known as Donnachad Reamhan. He was the son of "Andrew of Athole." He was succeeded by his son Robert, who was succeeded by his son Duncan, who was succeeded by his son Robert. The Robertsons were originally Duncansons, and are still Duncansons, clann-Donnachidh, in Gaelic.

Sir James Macdonald of Sleat died on the 8th of December, 1678.

## Oran Do Thriath Ghlinne-Garadh.

---

'S e mo chion an t-og meanmrach  
 'Bu shar cheannard nan ceudan ;  
 Fhuair thu urram fir Alba  
 Le do dhearbh acfhuinn ghleusda  
 Mac Moire 'dhion t' anma  
 Anns gach aona bhall 'san deid thu;  
 'S na rachadh do mharbhadh  
 Gun oircheas Mhic De leat.

A shar mharcaich an steud eich  
 Ur ghleusd air dheagh inneal.  
 Le acfhuinn mhath sreine,  
 'S d'a reir sin do stiorap.  
 'Nuair a rachadh tu 'leum air,  
 Cha bu reidh dol gad thilleadh;  
 Spainteach ghasda chruaidh gheur ort,  
 'S bhiodh ra-treut mar a shirinn.

Beus de bheusaibh a Ghlinnich,  
 Gun robh sinn' umad eolach,  
 Nach gabhadh tu giorag;  
 Naile thilleadh tu 'n torachd.  
 Bhiodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh  
 Mar-ri fiubhaidh chinn storaich  
 Air a leigeadh gu h-ealamh  
 As na taifeidean corcaich.

Ach, Aonghuis oig Ghlinnich,  
 Chan 'eil sinn' umad suarach,  
 'Nuair a thogadh tu 'n iomairt  
 Bu ghlan do chinneadh ri 'ghluasad.  
 Gu bheil cuid diu air linne  
 'N laimh an innein so 'suas bhuainn;  
 Ceud connsunn gun ghiorag  
 Nach tilleadh le fuathas.

Chan fhuil bhodach no prabair,  
 Chan fhuil graisge no tuatha,  
 Ach fuil ghlan an Iarl Ilich  
 A ta 'direadh ri d' ghruaidhibh.—  
 'S car thu mhilidh nan cathan  
 A thaobh t' athar coig uairean;  
 Dh' fhag sud cruadal 'ad lamhan  
 Gus an claidheadh a bhualadh.


Nam biodh maoim air do naimhdean  
 Gu do champ' mar bu mhinic,  
 Gum biodh cuid diu 'nan laighe  
 'S gun an lamhan ri 'n slinnein  
 'S iad gun chlaiginn, gun chluasan.  
 Ach an uairchinn ri sileadh.  
 Sgaithteadh 'n casan o 'n cruachanaibh  
 Le cruadal a Ghlinnich.

'S mor am muiseag 'san trath so  
 Air mo ghradh de na fearaibh,  
 Mu 'n tagradh air Cnoideart  
 A bhi 'm poca Mhic-Cailain.—  
 'S iomadh uisge nach lugha,  
 'S nach leigeadh claodhaire thairis,  
 As an dug thu do chasan  
 Gu coiseachd a dh-aindeoin. ✓

Rud a's mo orm mar chruaidh-chuis  
 Ann san uair so 'ga eisdeachd,  
 Meud ardain mo chinnidh;  
 Dia gan tilleadh gu reite.  
 Air bhur tigheinn gu fallain,  
 Thugaibh aire do m' sgeul-sa,  
 'S fhearr dhuibh dithisd 'san abhainn  
 Na 'bhi grathunn bho cheile.

Aimh-reite Chlann-Domhnaill  
 Leam 's neo-chomhnard a bheirt e;  
 Gun do chuir e orm gruaman  
 Coig uairean 's mi 'm chadal.  
 'S ann a dh'eirich iad comhla



Leis a mhor fhein so bh' againn,  
 E-fhein 's 'Onair Sir Seumas  
 A bha 'reir an aon aignidh. 

Ged tha 'Onair Sir Seumas,  
 Dhuit fhein mar a ta e,  
 B'ait leam Iarlachd Rìgh Fionna-Ghall  
 A chluinntinn mar b' ail leam.  
 Bheirinn bliadhna dhe m' shaogal,  
 'S gach ni 'dh'fhaotuinn a tharsainn,  
 'Chionn do choir a bhi sgriobhte  
 Bho laimh an rìgh gun dad failinn.

Mur bhi cliopaich mo theanga  
 Dheanainn seanachas mu 'n cuairt duit;  
 Tha do ranntaichean farsuinn,  
 A lub thaitneach a chruadail;  
 Chan 'eil Rothach, no Barrach,  
 Chan 'eil Gallach, no Tuathach,  
 Nach bu dleas da 'bhi leatsa,  
 An am caismeachd na h-uaire,

Gur a farsuinn do ranntachd,  
 Agus teann-sa ri 'cheile iad;  
 Gu bheil cuid diu gu cliuteach  
 Mu Ruta na h-Eireann,  
 Is cuid eile 'n Lochabar,  
 Ma 's a beachdaidh mò sgeul-sa;  
 'S bu cheud feairrd thu iad agad  
 An am tapadh nan geur-lann.

Mac Pharlainn 's a chinneadh  
 Gur leat sin an am t' fheuma;  
 Is Clann-Donnachaidh bho Atholl  
 Ged is grathunn bho cheil' iad;  
 S' gur a leat Mac-an-Aba,  
 Le 'aitim mhoir mheadhraich,  
 'S Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn  
 Nan glas lannan geura.

'Nuair a dheanteadh camp cruinn leibh  
 'S neart bhur n-uilnean ri 'cheile,  
 Co a b' urrainn dol eadraibh  
 'Nuair nach seasadh sibh fhein e?  
 Ged tha ro-mheud bhur n-uabhair  
 'N diugh 'g ur buaireadh bhø cheile  
 'S e 'n t-aon stoc as 'n do ghluais sibh.  
 Fuil uasal Chuinn Cheud-chatbaich.

Co 'ni taice no tabhachd,  
 No ni stath dhomh air domhan?  
 Ma nitear leat m' fhagail  
 Tha mi baite 'm muir dhomhainn.  
 Chan 'eil neach 'dheanadh m' eucoir  
 No shaltradh ceum ann am ghnòthach.  
 Nach tu b' urrainn a reiteach  
 Fheadh 's a dh' eireadh tu romham.

'S mi nach iarradh mar bharant'  
 'N lathair barra no bine  
 Ach Tighearn' og Ghlinne-Garadh,  
 Mo dheagh-charaid glan riomhach.  
 Sgeul a's mò 'tha mi 'gearan,  
 'S tha orm mar anshocair chinntich,  
 Gun do shliochd a bhi t' aite  
 'Dh-fhios an la' theid ceann crich' ort.

Oircheas, pity, clemency. Innean, a hill or rock; also an anvil. Prabar, the rabble. Uair chinn, the side of the head. Muiseag, a threat-threatening. Rann, relationship, ancestry, pedigree. Am mor fhear so 'bh' againn, Mont-rose. Iarlachd rìgh Fionna-Ghall, the earldom of Ross.

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Angus MacDonald, of Glengarry, was forfeited by Cromwell in 1651. His estate was given to the Marquis of Argyll, who gave it to Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, who gave it to the original

owner. Glengarry claimed the chiefship of the whole of the Clandonald. This led to a dispute with Sir James Macdonald of Sleat.

## 'S Ann Aig Taobh Beinne Buidhe

'S ann aig taobh Beinne Buidhe  
'Sheas a bhuidheann nach gann;  
Fir a dheacadh an t-iubhar  
S' chuireadh suibhal fo chrann,  
S' diombach mise de 'r saothair,  
Nuair a dhaom sibh an nall,  
Nach deach steach air Gleannaora  
'Ghearradh braoisg nam beul cam.

Ach a Mhorair chlann Domhnaill,  
'S fad' do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;  
A laeich aigeantaich, phriseil,  
'Fhiurain rioghail an aigh.  
Tha fìor mhaise an fhìona  
Ad ghruaidh 'dreadh an aird;  
'S tha thu 'shliochd nan trì Cholla  
'G am biodh loingeas air sail.

'S truagh nach robh leat na ceadan  
De luch-sgeith agus lann,  
De na h-oganaich threubhach  
'Bhiodh nan leum 'san adbhans.  
Bu nì cinnteach r' a eigheach  
Co da 'n eireadh an call;  
'S ann aig geat Ionaraora  
Bhiodh na laeich 'dol gu camp.

Rìgh! nach robh iad an gainntir  
Lan an teampuill de shluagh,  
De na Duibhnicibh lonach;  
Is cha b' oil leinn iad bhuainn.

'S iomadh claidheabh geur guineach,  
Laidir ' fulangach, cruaidh,  
'Th 'aig mo chinneadh gam feitheamh,  
'S aig clann-Ghilleain nam buadh

B' fhearr gun dígeadh iad fhathasd,  
Clann-Ghilleain nan tuagh.  
Cha bhíodh sgian an uchd fraighe;  
'S cha bhíodh claidheabh an truail.  
Bheirteadh mach na h-airm chatha,  
Ann an cabhaig le 'r sluagh;  
'S ged bu ghuineach na Duibhnich,  
Bhíodh Siol Chuinn daibh ro chruaidh.

Tha mór-un air na gilleán  
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg.  
Dh' eireadh fearg orr' is frioghan.  
Dhól an iomairt nan arm;  
Dhól an null thar na linne  
Leis na fir a bha calm,  
'Thort an duais' do na naimhdean  
'Chleachd an t-ainneart cho searbh.

A dheacadh an t-iubhar, that would bend the  
yew. Bows were made of yew, arrows gener-  
ally of red-pine. Braoisg, a grin, a distortion of  
the mouth. Fraigh, a cupboard, a shelf,

## Ho Ro 's Fada 's Gur Fada.

### LUINNEAG.

Ho ro 's fada 's gur fada.  
Is cian fada gu leoir,  
Bhon a chaidh thu air thuras  
'Bhaile Lunnainn nan cleachd.  
Nan cluinneadh tu fathunn  
Bhuainn le rabhadh an eoin,  
Is gun taoighleadh tu 'n rathad  
'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bron.

A dheagh Mhorair Chlann-Domhnaill,  
 Chum thu chemhail gu duineil,  
 Nuair a shaoil an t-Iarl Aorach  
 Do chur gun aobhar a Muile.  
 Bha thu roimh' 'n Duneideann  
 'S chum thu leugart mu choinnimh;  
 'S gun aon eislein a' t' aigneadh  
 Dh' eisd thu chasaid an Lunnainn.

Tha sar phruiþ air do chulaobh,  
 'S math a b' fhiu dhuit am faighneachd;  
 Eoghan Abrach o'n Ghuibsaich,  
 Cha doir cubaire greim dheth;  
 Is Gilleasbig a Bhraighe  
 Gu la bhrath nach bi 'm foill dhuit,  
 Mac-Mhic-Iain'sa chinneadh  
 Gun imicheadh 'n oidch' leat.

'S iomad marcaiche statall,  
 Gar an air mi ach cuid diu;  
 Eadar geata chaol Acuinne.  
 Gu slios Blar nam fear luidneach,  
 Mar sin 's gu S' trath-Ardail  
 Agus Braighe Bhochuidir,  
 Bhiodh a leagadh gu statall  
 'N eirig La Toma phubuill.

'S iomad oganach cuimir,  
 Laidir, ullamh gu tarruinn,  
 Eadar Braigh' uisge Thurraid  
 Is Caol Muile nan canach,  
 Ghearradh beum le arm guineach  
 'S iad ag iomain do 'n fheamainn,  
 Ann an sirig nam muineal  
 A chaill fuil an Airdreanaich.

'S fad on chuala mi seanachas,  
 'S mi nam sheana ghuilan gorach,  
 Greis mun d' chuir mi crios felle  
 Os-cionn leine no cota,  
 Aig luchd eolais gu soilleir

Anns gach coinnimh is comhail,  
 Gum bu chairdeach an sloinneadh  
 Siol Mhoire 's clann-Domhnaill.

Leugart, a siege, Canach, a sturgeon.

---

In 1676 Lord Macdonell, Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel and Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch went to assist the Macleans against the Earl of Argyll. No fighting took place. John Lom expresses regret that the Macdonalds, Camcrons and Macleans did not enter Glenarary to cut the "wry mouths." The Earl of Argyll went to Edinburgh and thence to London to seek aid from the government against the Macleans and their allies. Lord Macdonell followed him. In February 1676 the matters in dispute between the Earl of Argyll and the Macleans were remitted to three lords of the privy council of Scotland for adjudication. The final result was that the Macleans of Duart were deprived of their lands; the Earl of Argyll got possession of them.

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## Oran.

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DO MHORAIR GHLINNE-GARADH.

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Cha b' e bas mo cheann-cinnidh  
 'Chuir mifein gu trom iomairt,  
 Ach gun t'òighre 'bhi 't ionad nuair dh' eug thu.

'M fear mor curanta, laidir,  
'Bh' aig gach duine mar sgathan,  
Bha na laighe gun chainnt an Duneideann.

Gun do charadh 'san talamh  
M fear a chum ri Mac-Caillein;  
Bu tu 'n urrainn a chasadh na sreine.

Thug thu Cnoideart dheth 's tuilleadh,  
'S lagh an righ air do mhuineal,  
'S sheas thu roimh' ann am Muile le d' threun  
fhir.

Rinn Mac-Coinnich Cheanntaile  
Is Mac-Shimi na h-Airde  
Garbh choinneamh gu sathadh le cheil' ort.

Ach nuair chunnaic na seoid ud  
Gum biodh cunnart sa chomhail,  
'S ann a b' fhearr leo gu mor a bhi reidh riut.

## Marbhrann do Mhorair Ghlinne- Garadh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh mi 'liathadh,  
'S i so bhliadhn' a bhuail brog orm.

'N diu 's mi 'gabhail an rathaid  
'S trom a thathaich de bhron orm.

Gun do chaochail mi cruitheachd,  
Dh' fhag mo spionnadh 's mo threoir mi.

Gur h-i dileab na dunaich'  
'Tha mi 'buntuinn 'am phocaid.

A ghrabhat 'bha mu d' mhuineal,  
'S tric i cruinneachadh dheoir orm.

Dh' fhag mi taisgt' an Duneideann  
Na sgar o cheile mo mhorchuis.

An ciste chumhainn nan slìos-bhord  
Fo lùic nan stol reota;

Fo chasan luchd-bhriogais;  
Gur h-e mise 'th' air mo leonadh.

'S ann a thog thu 'n tur dealbhach  
Goirid gearr o Loch-Lochaidh.

Chunnaic mis' Inbhir-Gharaich  
Muirneach, aighearach, ceolmhor.

Bhiodh an cup ann ad chearr-laimh  
Is e dearlan gu dortadh.

Nuair a chuir' an lan strachd air,  
Gum b'e 'm fath 'chumail comhnard.

'S tha 'nis do thalla mor greadhnach  
Gun solus coinnle, gun cheol ann;

Is do sheomraichean geala  
Gun smuid, gun deathach, gun cheo dhiu.

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Lord Macdonell died in 1682.

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## Cumha do Ghilleasbig Na Ceapich.

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Moch Disathuirn', mo bheud!  
Ghluais geur chlaidheabh fo m' sgeith;  
'S tric leam caradh nan treith fo 'n fhoid.

Tha leanndubh air mo chradh,  
'Chuir mo shugradh gu iar,  
Ged is subhaltach each ag ol.

Mo cheann-taighe 'n robh feum,  
Dha 'n robh labhairt le ceill,  
Tha na shineadh fo dheile bhord;



'N ciste ghuibhais chaoil, bhain,  
'N deidh a h uidheam aig cach,  
An taigh-fiodha fo bhlath nan ord.

Nuair a bhiodh tu 'n Loch-Treig,  
Bu dluth tholladh tu beinn;  
Bu tu marbhaich' an eisg le leois;

Agus coisich' a chairn,  
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg,  
'Bheireadh fuil air damh nan croc.

Nuair a bha thu gu tinn,  
Gun robh t' aigneadh air leinn  
Mar bha aigneadh is inntinn Iob.

Bha do lamhan a suas,  
'N deidh do labhairt 'thoirt bhuait,  
Ris an Athair 's ri Uan na gloir.

Nuair a ranig mi 'chruach,  
Bha mi 't ionndraichinn bhuam;  
Bha do mhulad a tuairgneadh orm.

Cha bu spuilear air sluagh  
Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;  
Bha mo dhiubhail air ghuaillnibh sloigh.

Tha do chinneadh gu leir  
Lan de thiomadh ad dheidh,  
'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoir.

'S iomadh laoch bu ghlan fiamh  
'Bh' air a Cheapich mar thriath;  
Gaisgich chalma 'bhiodh dian 'san toir.

Fuireach Raonuill bho 'n tir  
Cuis bu mhisd' sinn gar dith,  
Chuir sud m' aigneadh a sios trath-noin.

'S ann an torachd nan each  
Dh' fhag mi 'n t-og a b' fhearr dreach;  
Cha do dhiobair a chlach an t-ord.

Chuir mi ceannard an t-sluaigh,  
 Le dha leanabh,'san uaigh,  
 Fath mo ghearain 's mi fuasgladh dheoir.

'S ann na shineadh san allt  
 Bha ceann-taighe mo ghraidh,  
 Ged a thuit tha le dearmad leo.

A Cholla cuimhnich 's gach gnìomh  
 Cliu do shinnsre bho chian;  
 Seas do rìgh, agus Dia, 's a choir

---

The 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th verses may or may not belong to the poem. The 13th verse refers to Raonull Og, and the 14th verse to his son Angus. It is said that 15th and 16th verses also refer to Angus. They may; still 15th verse may refer to Donald Glas and his murdered sons, while the 16th may refer to Alasdair Buidhe, who was drowned in the Spean ! It is likely that some will be ready to say that John Lom would never refer to Donald Glas's sons as "da leanabh." The word leanabh is sometimes applied to a person under the age of twenty-one, or a minor. Raonull na Sgeithe speaks of Ailain Muideartach as a "leanabh" at the battle of Rinrory or Killiecrankie. Allan was at that time about nineteen years of age.

## Oran Do Mhac-Gilleán Dhubhairt.

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Mur bhi 'n abhainn air fas oirnn,  
 'S tuil air eirigh 's na h-athan,  
 Bhithinn latha roimh chach air a chomhdhail.  
**Mur bhi, &c.**

'S bochd an eiridinn paisde,  
 Nuair a bhuail an lot bais e,  
 Bhi gun cheirein, gun phlasda, gun theoirnein.

'Sann de'n choinnimh a 's miosa,  
 'N garadh-droma air bristeadh  
 Mar gum pronnadh sibh sligean le ordaibh.

'S ann de dh' fhortan bhur cuise,  
 Ma 's e 'n torc 'th' oirbh a muiseag,  
 Gun deid stopadh na muire 'na phoraibh.

Tha scriob gheur nam peann gearra  
 'Cumail dion' air Mac-Cailein,  
 'S e cho briathrach ri parraid 'na chomhradh.

Thug sibh bhuaidhne le spleadhan  
 Eilean lle ghlaish, laghaich,  
 Is Cinntire le 'mhaghannan gorma,

Ghlac an sionnach greim teanchrach  
 Air deagh chinneadh mo sheanmhar;  
 'S lag an iomairt ge h-ainmeil an seors' iad.

Dh fhalbh bhur cruadal 's bhur gaisge,  
 Le Eachann Ruadh 's le Sir Lachinn,  
 'Th' anns an uaigh far 'n do thaisgeadh 'san  
 t-srol iad.

'S Lachinn Mor a fhuair urram,  
 Chaidh a bhualadh an Gruineart,  
 Cha dugt' uachd'ranachd Mhuile ri 'bheo dheth.

Is math mo bharail is m' earbsa,  
 Mur a roghainn gun dearmad,  
 Nach bu chladhaire cearbach Fear Bhrolais.

'N eaglais I Chalum Chille,  
 Tha suinn chrodha gun tioma  
 'Chaisgeadh doruinn 'sa thilleadh an torachd.

'S nòr gum b' fheirde dream fiata  
 Nan each seang-fhada fiadhich  
 Eoghan Abrach Loch-Iall agus Lochidh.

Eiridinn, a nursing of, or attending on, the  
 sick. Ceirein, a poultice. Feoirnein, a pile of  
 grass. Muire, the leprosy. Spleadhan, false-  
 hoods, fictions. Teanchair, a vice.

## Tuaineal a Chnatain ;

ORAN DO SHIR EOGHAN LOCH-IALL.

Cha b' e tuaineal a chnatain  
 'Chuir mi 'm dhusgadh 'sa mhaduinn,  
 Ach an tuchan 's 'tha 'marcachd air m' fheithibh.

Fear do cheille bhi 'n Sasunn,  
 Gun fhios nach b'eigheach a bheirt e,  
 Ma thig eug ort an taice rìgh Seurlas,

A chraobh stailinn chruaidh, chuilinn,  
 'Chaidh air saile bhuainn do Lunnainn;  
 'S tearc mo ghair' gus an cluinnear deagh sgeul  
 ort.

Do thigh 'nn fallain, slan, bhuaithe,  
 Mar ruaig falaisg bharr cruadhlaich,  
 No bho gharadh a ghuaill 's nam balg-seididh.

Dh' fhalbh Mac-Cailain, fear-buairidh,  
 Le sac gearrain do thuaileas,  
 Chur a' gheraid an clusaibh Rìgh Seurlas.

Ged a scriobteadh leat Muile,  
 Bhiodh tu 'g iarraidh gu tuilleadh,  
 'Chur robh 'm bliadhna 's an uiridh cho reidh  
 dhuit.

'S iomad taigheadas orail,  
 Muirneach, aighearach, ceolmhor,  
 A greas t' athair gu foirinn na deirce;

Dh 'an robh beathachadh boidheach,  
 'Tha 'n diugh ga chaitheamh mu d' bhord sa;  
 Cleas na fatha 'eur fo a cheart eigin.

Cleas a bhaigeir mhoir laidir  
 'Rinn a shaidseach a charadh,  
 Leis gach baidreig a thahadh ri cheile.

Ach b'ait leam Duibhnich 'san dranndail,  
 Iad fo dhruim an Tuir Fhrangich,  
 Agus cuibhreach ro theann air am feithibh.

'S mairg a dhuisgeadh a chadal  
 'N iaoch nach muchteadh le bagradh  
 'S e borb, ardanach, acuinneach, gleusta.

Ghabh thu 'bhraid air do mhuineal,  
 Nach gabhadh cach orra 'chunnart,  
 'Thoirt do chairdean a tonnaibh na feithe,

'Eoghin oig Thorr-a-chaistell,  
 Rinn thu choir mar mo bheachd-sa;  
 Thog thu cro agus geata nach leum iad.

Thog thu bard ann an Dubhairt,  
 Streap thu 'm barr croinne glubhis,  
 Leat bu mhiann a bhi 'n cruitheachd an dreu-  
 gain.

Thog thu 'n t-srol-bhratach bhuidhe  
 Os-cionn stol nam pic iubhair;  
 Caol chorcach an siubhal gach te dhiubh.

Nam biodh a chuis mar a theirinn,  
 Bhiodh tu d' dhiuc thar nan eilain;  
 Leat bu mhiann a bhi d' speireig 'sna speuraibh.

Is ann latha Sron-Nibheis,  
 Bu droch cocaire gill 'thu;  
 Chuir thu spogan air bhioraibh, 's dhroch-  
 ghreidh thu.

Thug thu faragradh fairge  
 Do luchd nam falluinean dearga;  
 Bha ruith fala 'bha searbh chaibh mu 'n sleis-  
 dibh.

Fhuair thu garbh-bhata cuilinn,  
 'Cheud la dhearbh thu bhi 'd dhuine,  
 Mun d' fhas calg ort de dh-fhionnadh no 'dh-  
 fheusaig.

Cha bu shugradh do sheana-choin  
 An cnaimh smuais 'thoirt a d' dhream-chraos,  
 Nuair a theannadh tu teanchair do dheudich.

Cha bu shugradh do sgoileir  
 Dol a dhrannan ri d' choileir,  
 Nuair a thionndadh tu chorr-fhiacail gheur ris.

Le luchd nam feadan dubh-ghorm,  
 D' am bu fhreagarrach fudar,  
 'Nuair a spreigeadh na h-uird ri spuir gheura;

'Bheiread dusgadh le an-iochd  
 Air garbh udlaich' an langain,  
 Triath ard stucach, mor, eangach an t-sleibhe.

Bhiodh an t-suil, air neo 'n t-eanchinn,  
 Mu dheiredh drughadh bhur n-eanrich:  
 Cha bhi mis ga sheanachas na's leir dhomh.

Falasg, a moor-burning. Foirinn, aid, help.  
 Fath, a mole. Braid, a collar. Bard, a dyke or  
 fence, a garrison. Saidseach, a beggar's mantle.  
 Faragradh, a bathing, a floundering. Udlaiche,  
 a stag. Stucach, surly. Eangach, nimble-  
 footed.

## Biodh an Uidheam so Triall.

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Biodh an uidheam so 'triall  
 Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar,  
 Far 'm bu chuibhe 's 'm bu mhiann le 'r seoid.

Gu tur meadhrach neo chrion  
 Nan cinn-fheadhna 's glan liomh,  
 A chuirt ghreadhnach bho 'n rioghail gloir.

Bha mi fada mu thuath;  
 Gun d' lion fadachd mi 's gruaim;  
 Cha bu chadal domh uair air choir.

Bheir mi 'n ruathar so null  
 'Shealltainn oighre Dhuntuilm;  
 Gum meal thu 'n staoileadh bho thus ri d' bheo.

uchair gliocais nach bath,  
 'Chuir do fhradhar thar chaich;  
 'S tu a thaghainn de 'n al s' tha beo.

B' fhearail t' fhaicinn air sraid  
 Le d' chiabh-fhalt bachlach gu lar;  
 Ur la maiseach 's neo-thaireil oirnn.

Macail, maighdeanail, ur,  
 Faicheil, faidhreachail, ciuin,  
 Marcaich' greadhnach nan cru-each gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga nan leum,  
 'Dol nan deannaibh 'san reis,  
 'S fir a sreamadh nan sreim' r' am beoil.

Mach o Mhorair nan steud,  
 Le 'n cluinnt' oragan nan teud,  
 'S tu a b' fhoirmeile beus trath-noin.

Leat a dh' eireadh na laoich :—  
 Do shluagh fhein bhiodh ri d' thaobh;  
 Sud na treun-fhir nach maom san toir.

Mac-Mhic-Ailein o 'n chuan,  
Le luingeas daraich lom, luath;  
Luchd nan leadan le 'm buailtheadh stroic.

Mac-Mhic-Alasdair treun  
Bho Gleann-Garadh nan geug;  
Buidheann bharrail nach geill fo sgod.

Bu leat Banaich bho thuath,  
Clann-Ghillandrais nan tuagh,  
Agus Rothaich le 'm buailtibh bho.

Bu leat buidheann mo ruin,  
Air nach laigheadh mi-chliu,  
Thig le Alasdair uiseil, og.

Is fir Eirinn a risd.  
'Chuir thu fein air do thi;  
'S iad a dh' eireadh le strìth mu d' dhorn.

Cliar, a brave man. Faicheil, stately. Faidhreachail, showy. Stroic for strac, a blow. Sgod, command, rule. Uiseil, courteous, dignified. Oighre Dhuntuilm, Macdonald of Sleat. Morair nan steud, either the Marquis of Huntly or Glengarry. Clann-Ghillandrais, the Rosses. Alasdair Og, apparently Alexander Robertson of Strowan, who was born about 1636. The Clan Donnachie fought with great bravery under Montrose. They were commanded by Donald, Alexander's uncle. Morair nan steud, either Lord Macdonell or the Marquis of Huntly.

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## Oran do Mhac-Dhomhnaill Shleite.

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A bhean leasich an stop dh'inn,  
'S lion an cupa le solas.  
Ma 's a branndi no beoir i,  
Tha mi toileach a h-ol  
An deoch 's air Cauptin Chlann-Domhnaill,  
An triath aigeantach og' 'thig o 'n chaol.



M fear nach duraichd a h-ol.  
 Gun tuiteadh 'n t-suil air a bhord as.—  
 Tha mo dhurachd do 'n oigear  
 Crann cubhraidh Chlann-Domhnaill;  
 Rìgh nan dul bhi gad chomhnadh 'fhir chaoimh

Greas mu 'n cuairt feadh an taigh' i,  
 'Chum 's gun gluaisinn le aighear,  
 Le sliochd naibhreach an athar  
 'Choisinn buaidh leis a chlaidheabh;—  
 Fion ga ruagadh 's ga chaitheamh gu daor.

Sar fhear-marcachd nan steud thu,  
 'Dh' fhas gu flatbasach, feilidh,  
 De shliochd gasda Chuinn cheutaich,  
 A bha tathaich an Eirinn;  
 Ged 'fhuair an claidheabh 's an t-eug oirbh  
                   sgriob.

Bhiodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh  
 Aig do fhleasgaichean ura,  
 Dhol a shiubhal nan stuc-bheann,  
 Anns an uighe, gun churam,  
 Leis a bhuidhinn roimh 'n ruisgteadh na gill.

Tha mo dhuil anns an Trianaid,  
 Nach dig laigsinn air t' fhion-fhuil;—  
 Slat thu 'n chuileann bha ciatach,  
 'Dh' fhas gu furanach, fialaidh,  
 'Sheasadh duineil air bialaobh an rìgh.

'Nam dhuit gluasad o t' aitribh,  
 Le d' cheol cluais' agus caismeachd,  
 Roimh fhir uasal nan glas-larn,  
 Dha 'n robh cruadal is gaisge,  
 B' e do shuaineas barr gaganach fraoich.

'N an cur t' inbhraich air doigh dhuit,  
 Le croinn ghasda 's le corcaich,  
 Bhiodh an comhlan 'bu bhoiche  
 'G iomairt chleusan gu h-eolach,  
 Seal mu 'n togt' oirre ro-scol bho thir.

Nuair a chairteadh fo luchd i;  
 Bhiodh tarruinn suas air a cupuill,  
 Bord a fuaraidh 's ruith cuip air,  
 Tuinn ri fuaigheil a fliuch-bhuird,  
 Sruth mu guaillibh 's i suchte le gaoith.

Shliochd nan curaidhnean talmhaidh,  
 Leis 'n do chuireadh cath Garbhaich,  
 Air an turas 'bha ainmeil.—  
 Fhuair mi urrad de 'r seanachas  
 'S gun robh taigh is leth Alba fo 'r eis.

'S iomad neach a fhuair coir uaibh  
 Ann san am ud le goraich.  
 B' ann diu Rothaich is Rosaich,  
 Is Clann-Choinnich 's n Leodaich,  
 Mac-Gilleain o 'n Dreolluinn 's Mac-Aoidh.

Sliochd nam milidh bha fearail,  
 Luchd nam pios 's nan cup geala  
 'Thogadh sioda ri crannaibh,  
 'S a bhiodh dileas 'sa charraid;  
 Bhiodh pic riomhach nam meallan 'na teinn.

B'e bhur suaicheantas taitneach,  
 Leoghann colgarra, spracail,  
 Long nan ard chrann is bradan  
 Air chuan liobharr' an aigeil,  
 'S an lamh dhearg roimh na gaisgich nach tiom.

An Duntuiln nam fear fallain,  
 Gum bu ghreadhnach luchd-ealaidh,  
 'Gabhail failte le caithrim,  
 As na claisaichean glana,  
 Do mhnaoi oig nan teud bassala, binn.

Nuair bu sgìth de luch-theud sibh,  
 Gheibht' am Bioball ga leughadh,  
 Le fìor chreideamh gu ceillidh,  
 Mar a dh' ordaich Mac De dhuibh;  
 'S ghabhteadh teagasg na cleir' leibh le sith.

'Mhic Shir Seumas nan bratach,  
 O bun Sleite nam bradan,  
 A ghlac ceile na maise,  
 Cum an reit' air a casan,  
 Bi gu reusonta, macanta, min.

Gum a slan 's gum a h-ìomhlan  
 Anns gach ni a' s fearr iomradh  
 Do theaghlach rìgh Fionnaghal.  
 Oighre dliùheach Dhùntuilm thu,  
 'S olar deoch air do chuirn gun bhi sgith.

The foregoing song was composed about Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat. Sir Donald married, in 1662, Mary, daughter of Robert Douglas, third Earl of Morton. It will be noticed that the poet does not speak of Sir Donald as the chief or ceann-cinnidh of the Macdonalds; he styles him their captain.

### Oran do Mharcus Atholl.

Slan gun dith dhuit, a Mharcuis,  
 Direach, maiseach, gun chromadh;  
 Da shuil ghorm fo d' chaol mhala,  
 Nach d' fhas balachail, bronnach.  
 Cheart cho cinnteach sam bas,  
 Ged tha thu, 'n drast as an t sealladh,  
 Gu bheil mulad fo 'd chliabh ort  
 Mu bhas triath Gbhinne-Garadh.

B' fheumail dhuinn' e 'n am muisig,  
 Le beachd mo shul gur mi chunnaic.  
 Cha robh againn de sgathan  
 Ach greasad trath do 'n taigh-ghrunnaich,

Aisling cuid mar an durachd,  
 Bha mi-run ac' do 'n duin' ud  
 Ged bu ladarna 'n culchainnt,  
 Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b' e aingeachd na tuatha  
 'Ghluais am Marcus le 'dhaoine.  
 'S ann a thog e a bhratach  
 'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair.  
 Fhuair thu iuchair na corach  
 Gu t' ordagh le d' dhaoine;  
 Agus fosgladh gach caisteil  
 Bha fo smachd an Iarl' Aoraich.

Gheill Dunsta'nnis grad dhuit,  
 Innis fharsuinn nam faochag,  
 Ged bu'daingean a chlachan  
 Fhuair thu steach air bheag saothreach.  
 Cha robh cuilibheir caoil gluice,  
 No gunna praise gun sgaoileadh,  
 Bho Innis Chonnain nan canach  
 Gu ruig bail' Ionaraora.

'S Ard-Liftenant o 'n rìgh thu  
 Thug thu sgrìob 'dh-Earraghaidheal;  
 Bu leat Tairbeart 's Cinntire,  
 'S gach aon nì bha 's gach ait dhiu;  
 Agus Ile, bheag, riabhach  
 Mu 'n fadh a mhuir shai'each.  
 'S goirt a chnead a tha 'm chliabh-sa,  
 Fhad 's bha 'n t iasad gun phalgheadh.

Tighearn' og Ghlinne-Garadh  
 Cha bhi falach a ruin ort;  
 Oighr' an duin' e 'tha maireann,  
 'S e ar caraid e dubailt.  
 Chan fheil neach air an talamh  
 Nì ar sguradh o chulaobh,  
 Bhiodh siol Chu'nn leis gu daingeann,  
 Ged bhiodh falachd a chruin ris.

'S e do charid mor dealaidh  
 Mac-Mhic Ailein a Muideart,  
 'S Mac-Mhic Raonuill na Ceapich,  
 Le 'fhir dheasa nach diultadh.  
 'S iad nach cuireadh cainb shalach  
 No taibheid ealamh ri cul-chrann,  
 'Bheireadh beum air a h-athlorg  
 Fhad's a mhaireadh dhaibh fiubhaidh.

'S leat Clann-Iain o 'n Innein,  
 Dream nach tilleadh le gealtachd;  
 Bhiodh an claidhean air mhire  
 Anns an iomairt ri casgairt.  
 'S leat Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachinn,  
 'S Mac-an-Ab' o Ghleanndochairt,  
 Is Mac-Neachdainn 's Mac-Dhughail,  
 'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhairt o 'n Apunn.

Is beag t' aobhar 'bhi fiamhach  
 An taobh shios do Bhunatha,  
 Ged theid Duibhnich gu 'n dichìoll,  
 Is gu dideann a chlaidhibh.  
 'S iomadh triath 'bhiodh san strith leat,  
 Cheart cho cinnteach ri saighead.  
 'S leat Mac Fhionghain an t-Sratha  
 Agus da Mhac-Gilleain.

'S fhearr leam fhaicinn na chluinntinn,  
 Gun d' stad a chuing air am muineal.  
 'Nis on thionndaidh a chuibhle,  
 'S fad bhios Duimhnich gun urram.  
 Ged a shaoil le Mac-Caillein  
 E bhi na bharan air Muile.  
 B' fhearr dha 'chumail na bh' aige  
 Na bhi 'g agradh air tuilleadh.

Nam biodh fear a bheoil mhoir ann,  
 Bho nach doirteadh gloir bhreamais,  
 Naile chailleadh sibh geoidh ris,  
 Nach deant' a rostadh ri teine.

Fhuair sibh sgapadh nan caorach  
 Nam biodh a dhaoin' air an talamh;  
 'S ged a ghlac sibh le foill e,  
 'B e-fhein an saighdear 'bu ghlaine.

Gur maírg a dh' earbadh a cairdeas  
 Neach a dh' fhas a'r an t-sloinneadh,  
 Nam biodh cuimhn' air an lath' ud  
 Fhuair iad t' athair fo 'n comas.  
 Chuir iad smuid ri tuir arda  
 Chaisteil Bhlair gu gle shoilleir.  
 'S beag bha dhochas an la sin  
 Gum biodh iad paighte na chomain.

'S mor tha eadar dha latha,  
 Ged bha e grathunn gun tighinn.  
 Chaidh thu 'n cuirt na bu leatha  
 An deidh t' athar a mhilleadh.  
 Gun aon bhuille le claidheabh,  
 Gun sathadh sgeine no biodaig;  
 Mar gum bathadh tu coinnean,  
 Chaill e oighreachd 's a chinneadh.

'S beag a b' fhiach do 'n triath Mhoireach  
 'Dhol 'nur coinnimh ach ainneamh,  
 No a ghabhail mar chompach  
 'M fear le 'n geallt' bhi na charaid  
 Air a chomasdair Stuibhart  
 'S trom a bhruchd na fir charach,  
 Chuir sibh 'n ceann deth gun sgrubadh,  
 'S gum bu ghulneach bhur n' aniochd.

Buail na treudan gu sealbhach,  
 'S na deun searbh iad gun bhinneas,  
 'S na doir t' aghaidh gu cearbach  
 Do 'n fhear nach earb thu ri d' shleinnein.  
 Ma chuir an rìgh an t-slat sgiursaidh  
 'N glaic do dhuirn gun a cìreadh,  
 Uair mu seach aig an fhuirneis,  
 Mar bhuill' uird air an innein.

Gloir do 'n Rìgh th' air a chathair,  
 'S aobhar aighir is solais  
 Mar a thachair do 'n Iarla  
 'Chleachd cho iargalt' a a chumbachd,  
 Ma 's e droch-bheairtean Iudais  
 'Dh' fhuaigh an shid air an Lunnainn,  
 Chaill e 'n luireach 's na breidean,  
 Is gach eideadh 'bha uime.

'N cuala sibhse 'san duthaich  
 An ranntar-buth' 'bh' aig na luchaidh,  
 'S iad a cruinneachadh ri 'cheile  
 'Nan dìoch reiseamaid churta.  
 Nuair bha eagal a chait orr',  
 Chaidh droch sgapadh an cuid diù;  
 'S a bneisd mhor 's an robh phlaigh dhiu,  
 Sgrois gun agh oirr, gun fhurtachd.

Nuair a labhair Dubh 'n Amraidh,  
 'Bheist ghrann'd 's a chrain mhullaich,  
 Cha robh 'n sabhal no 'n ath dhiu  
 Biasd le h-al nach dè chruinnich.  
 Nuair bha 'm mod 'g 'ur cruaidh sharach'  
 'S na cuird ri 'm fasnadh mu 'r muineil,  
 'S ann an sin a bha 'n gatar  
 Co a charadh iad umaibh.

Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh an uiridh,  
 Bha sibh urranta, straiccail;  
 'M bliadhna chaill sibh an currachd,  
 'S feumair fuireach gle shamhach.  
 Chaill an t-Iarl air bhur turas  
 Mhead 'sa bhuinig e mhal oirbh;  
 Ach cha b' fhiach leis an duin' ud  
 A bhì cruinneachadh chambaig.

B' olc a b' fhiach do dh-Iarl Atholl  
 'Dhol an' coinnimh rint Eirdsi,  
 'N deidh latha Roinn-Liothuinn;  
 Thug sibh iocshlaint mar earlas.



Mheall sibh 'null thar na h-abhunn  
 Iarla Atholl 's a bhrathair;  
 Chair sibh 'n laimh an toll-buth iad,  
 'S loisg sibh duthaich Iarl' Earlaidh.

Tha do thiodalan lionmhor,  
 'Cumail dìon air do chairdean.  
 Tha, thu 'd mharcus am bliadhna,  
 'S gur tu iarl Thulaich-Bheardinn.  
 Geard an rìgh tha fo t' ordagh,  
 'S thu 'd mhorair Ghlinn-Amuin.  
 'S ged a dheanadh iad diuc dhiot  
 Bu mhath 'b' fhiu thu an t-aite.

Rannar-buth, a wild confused dance    Curta,  
 bad, infamous    Amraidh, a cupboard.

— — —  
 In July, 1640, the Earl of Argyle plundered the Earl of Airly's lands and destroyed his castle, the bonnie house of Airly. Shortly afterwards he captured by stratagem John, first Earl of Athole of the Murray family, and sent him to prison in Edinburgh. The Earl of Athole died in June, 1642. He was succeeded by his son, John. John, second Earl of Athole, was appointed Captain of the King's Guards in 1670, created Marquis of Tullibardine in 1676, and appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Argyll in 1681.

Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, was condemned to death in 1681, on the groundless charge of high treason. He



escaped from prison and fled to Holland. He took part in Monmouth's rebellion in 1685. He was captured by a man named Riddell on the banks of the Clyde, and sent to Edinburgh, where he was beheaded June 30th, 1685. One cannot wonder that the Campbells detested Riddell just as much as John Lom detested Macleod of Assynt.

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## Oran.

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Airfeachd Rìgh Seumas a gluasad gu blar,  
Raon-Ruari.

'S mithich dhuinn mearsadh 'nis as an tìr so,  
Bhon chuir sinn dìth air feoil nam mart.  
N deidh a bhi 'n ordagh tamull le 'r mor-shulagh  
Dh' innich ar n-oigridh bhuainn am mach.

'Chuillein ghrinn oig, ma tha thusa leoint',  
Gun seall an Rìgh Mor riut anns gach beirt.  
Air maduinn Dimairt 's ann thoisich am mear-  
sadh,

'S facal gach seirdsin 'ruith oirnn mu seach.

Aig leth-taobh an t-saile tharruinn na h-armuinn  
'Suas 'nam bragadaibh dan' gu ro cheart;  
Mu bheul an anmoich shuidhich sinn campa,  
'S dh' imich ar ceannard bhuainn am mach.

Facal ar Coirneil ri Sir Domhnall

Mar ri ar n-ordagh 'bhi 'n ar glaic;—

“Na leigibh bonn dail' an seasamh a gheird  
Is cumaibh 'ur naimhdean bhuaibh am mach.”

Bu fhliuch a mhaduinn a thog sinn ar breacain,  
'S a chaidh sinn air astar gus an taigh 'd an robh  
chairt ;

Nuair 'rinn sinn eirigh gu 'n d' rinn sinn ar  
n-eideadh,

Is chaidh sinn 'n ar leum fo na cnapanan saic.  
'Sbu lughaid ar n-airtneal nuair 'thanig an  
feasgar,

Nuair 'loisgeadh an lasag 'bu hionmhor srad;  
Bho cheann Loch-Iall gu n d' rinn sinn triall,  
'S nuair chom a ghrian gun d' rinn sinn stad.

Aig ceann Loch-Lochaidh shuidhich sinn campa,  
La roimh Dhidomhnaich 's da la 'na dheidh;  
Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,  
'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhle De.

Bu bheag anspeis do dh-airgiod no spreidh,  
'S gun d' fhag sinn 'n ar deidh ar mnathan 's ar  
clann;

'Cheart aindeoin gach lochd, ged chiurt' againn  
corp.

Cha dean sinn bonn clos gus an cosgrar leinn  
Goill.

Labhair an Greumach, fear an deugh nadair,  
'Chlanna nan Gaidheal, na faiceam bhuir  
gruaim;

Togaibh 'ur n-inntinn, thanig an tìm dhuibh,  
'S mithich dhuinn mearsadh 'n tìr so shuas.

Dh' fhalbh sinn am mach gu h-inntinneach.  
statail,

Gus an do ranaig sinn braighe Ghlinn-Ruaidh,  
'Mach ri Gleannturaid 's monadh 'sin Dhru-  
mainn,

Dn' imich gach duine 'bha guineach 'san ruaig.

'Mach monadh Dhruim Uachdair dh' imich na  
h-uaislean

A bu mhor cruadal is 'bu bheag sgios;

Nuair 'ranig sinn Atholl cha d' fhuair sinn ach  
mnathan;

Chaidh fir as an rathad mu 'n gabhtheadh dhiu  
cis.

'N deidh mheadhon latha 's sinn a falbh air ar  
n-athais

Air leth-taobh na h-abhunn ghabh sinn a sios;  
Thanig marcach steach air beulaobh na glaic  
'Dh' inns' gun danig am prasgan 's an Coirneal  
Mac-Aoidh.

B' aithghearr an cellidh rinn muinntir Rìgh  
Seumas,

Leth-taobh an t-sleighe ghabh iad a suas;

Bu shiubhlach fallus a sios gach mala

A dìreadh a bhealaich an taobh mu thuath,

Ceannard na buidhne dh' imich roim' mhuinntir,  
Pairte de ar n-ionndrainn e a bhi uainn.

B' aigeannach sporsail aigeadh Chlann-Domh-  
naill,

Ged fhuair iad an leonadh bu deonach leo 'n  
uair.

Ghluais gach fìne gun tlaths, gun tiomadh,

Gun sgath, gun ghiorag 'fian ionadaibh fein;

Chaidh sinn gu statail 'n brcilleach ar namhaid,  
'S cha tilgteadh crann sathte an la sin gun  
fheum.

Aig deireadh an latha gun d' tharruinn sinn  
claidheabh;

Bha toiseach ar sgathaidh 'n am laighe do 'n  
ghrein.

'Cheart cindeoin an sparraidh, ge bu laidir am  
barail,

Gun chaill iad am fearann 's an t-anam 'da  
dheidh.

A cheannaird an aigh gun d' thuit thu sa bhlair,  
'S bu sgathach do lamh gus an daoig an uair:

'S e do bhas a Dhundithe 'dh' fhag ormsa trom  
lighe,

'Chuir toll an am chridhe 's dh' fhag snigh' air  
mo ghruaidh.

Bu bheag airson t' eirig na thuit de na beisdean  
An cogadh Rìgh Seumas, ged dh-eirich leinn  
buaidh.

Ach sgapadh nan cuileag air muinntir Rìgh  
Uilleam;

Tha sìne fòmhulad ged chuir sinn iad bhuainn.

Coirneal Ramaidh bu mhor bha anntlachd

Ann an am bhi 'tighinn a steach

Bha sinne cho aingidh, 's guineach gu 'r naimh-  
dean,

Greim air Gall cha leigeamid as.

A Choirneil Bhalfuir, a dhuinne gun diu,

Fhuair thus' tha mi 'n duil na dh' iarradh tu 'n  
chath;

Bhrist iad do chrun is t' ad air do shuilean,

'S ghearr iad do bhutainn air culaobh do chas.

---

Lieutenant Donald Campbell, author of "The Language, Poetry and Music of the Highland Clans," had a fuller and better version of the foregoing song than the one given above. It is to be feared, however, that it has been lost. The song is generally ascribed to John Lom. I have heard it asserted, however, that it was his son that composed it.

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## Raon-Ruari.

---

An ainm an aigh ni mi tus,

Air a mheanmn' so 'tha 'm run,

Chan i so'n aimsir mu'n duin an ceitein oirnn.

Nach fhaic sibh loingeas an rìgh  
 Cur an spionnidh gu tìr,  
 Chan e'n t-Uilleam tha mi cho deidheil air.

Ach Rìgh Seumas 's a shìol !  
 A dh'ordich Dia gus ar dìon;  
 Cha rìgh iaisd d'am fàch dhuinn geilleachdinn.

Ach mar dìg thu air ball  
 'S do leintean ciosa gan call,  
 Is ceud misde leam thall 'san Eipheit thu.

An comunn cìogailteach, tlath,  
 'Shuidh an ionad nan stait  
 Mar cho-mheata chuir Satan seula riu.

Paca sligheach nan cealg  
 D'am bu dligheach a mheirg,  
 Dhubh am fìtheach le sachar eucoir sibh.

Cha b'e 'm brathadair coir  
 'Bha cur gabhail fo'n fhoid,  
 Ach fear an taigh' nach bu choir 'bu pheucan  
 daibh.

Ann sa bheithe bheag og  
 'Bha fo bhaile Mhic-Dheors',  
 Gur a h-iomad fear sroil 'bha reubte ann.

'S iomad biorraid is gruag  
 'Bha gan spealtadh mu'n cnuac,  
 Bha fuil dhathte'na stuaidh air fear am muigh.

Fhuair sibh deannal sa choill  
 Bho chruaidh lannaibh Shìol Chuinn,  
 'Chuir 'nur denaibh thar tuim trom-chreuch-  
 dach sibh.

An Raon-Ruari nam bad  
 'S lionmhor uaigh is corp rag,  
 Mìle sluasid is caib' gan leidigeadh.

A sbar Chleibhirs nan each,  
 Bu cheann-feadhn' thu air feachd,  
 Mo chreach leir an tus gleachd mar dh'eirich  
 dhuit.

Bu lasair theine dhaibh t' fhearg,  
 Gus an d'eirich mi-shealbh;  
 Bhual am peileir fo earball t' eididh thu.

Bu mhor cosgradh do lamh  
 Fo aon chlogaide ban,  
 'S do chorp nochduldh, geal, dan, gun eideadh  
 air.

Cha robh eascarid suas  
 Eadar Arcamh is Tuaid,  
 Mur bhi 'n tacaid a bhual san eudann thu.

'Nuair bhruchd t' uaislean am mach,  
 Cha sgaoth bhuachalllean mhart,  
 Ach luchd-bualadh nan cnap gu speireadail;

Air a bhruthach a stad  
 Os-cionn dubhar nam bad,  
 Luchd cur 'nan siubhal gu grad nan eucorach.

Clann-Domhnaill an aigh,  
 Luchd a chonnsach' gach blair;  
 Cha do ghabh iad riamh sgath roim reubaltich.

Is lionmhor spalpaire dian  
 'Bha fo d' bhratich 'dol sìos,  
 Cha b' ascard ach lìon do reiseamaid.

Is iomad fiuran deas og  
 Gun lan duirn air de dh-fheoil,  
 'Ghearradh claignean is smois, is feitheannan.

Mo ghaol an Domhnall Gorm og  
 Bho'n tur Shleiteach's 's bho'n Ord;  
 Fhuair thu deuchainn 's bu mhor an sgeula sin.

Mo ghaol an Domhnall Gorm og  
 Bho'n tur Shleiteach's 's bho'n Ord;  
 Fhuair thu deuchainn 's bu mhor an sgeula sin.

Mo ghaol an Tainistear ur,  
 B' og am planntas mo run,  
 'S cha b'e 'n campair air chul na sgeithe e.

Mo ghradh an t-Alasdair Dubh,  
 Bho Ard-Gharraidh nan sruth,  
 'Chuir 'nan siubhal gu tiugh na reubaltich.

'S bha 'bhrathair eil' ann, Iain Og,  
 'S dh' aomich peileir troimh 'fheoil,  
 'S caol a thearinn e beo bho' n speileireachd.

Tha an cogadh so searbh,  
 Air a thogail gu garg;  
 Ge ceann nathrach bidh earrball peucaig air.

'S e Prionns' Uilleam 's a shluagh  
 'Dh' fhag an duthich so truagh,  
 Nuair a chuir iad thar cuan righ Seumas bhuainn.

Guidheam sgrios orra 's plaigh,  
 'S gort is miosguinn is bas  
 Air an sliochd mar bh 'air al na h-Eipheite;

Gach aon latha dol sìos,  
 Caigneadh claidhibh troimh 'm bian,  
 'S coin a ' aitheamh an diol air sleibhtichibh.

Thig am Frangach a steach  
 Le treun champa 'chuid each,  
 'S bidh do bhangaid 's do bhreac-staòig gleidhte  
 dhuit.

Theid thu 'Hanobher air ais,  
 Thig an cot dhiot an cais',  
 'S i sean choir a choin ghlais a b 'fheumaile.



Brathadair, match, kindling. Peucan, a beacon. Leideigedh, leading, convoying. Cosgradh, slaughtering. Speireadail, energetic. Campair, a camp master. Speileireachd, sliding, skating. Sligheach, sly. Ciogailteach, unsteady, ticklish. Nochduidh or nochd, naked.

---

According to the song, the ball pierced Dundee below the breastplate. The expression "corp nochduidh" shows that the body was at least to some extent deprived of its clothing. Some writers have asserted that it was stripped by thieves. It is surely more reasonable to suppose that the stripping, so far as there was stripping, was the work of men who were examining the wound.

At the battle of Killiecrankie, Dundee's men were ranged in one line, and in the following order from right to left: the Macleans, Colonel Cannon's Irish regiment, the Macdonalds of Moydart, the Macdonells of Glengarry, the cavalry, the Camerons, a battalion under Sir Alexander Maclean, and the Macdonalds of Skye. The Grants of Glenmoriston were with the Macdonells of Glengarry. Dundee had about 2,500 men, and McKay about 4,000. The battle began about seven o'clock in the evening, or half an



hour before sunset. The Highlanders, whilst moving down the hill, received three successive volleys from McKay's line. When they got to close quarters, and drew swords, the battle lasted only a few minutes. They gained as complete a victory as could be won. Still it was a very dear victory to them; about eight hundred of them were slain. Besides they lost their commander, the only man who could keep them together and lead them to another victory. Of McKay's men two thousand were either killed or taken prisoners.

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## Oran.

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Air Rìgh Uilleam agus Banrìnn Mari.

---

### LUINNEAG.

Irin, a-rin, o-ro, bha hi,  
 Irin, a-rin, o-ro, bha ho,  
 Biodh gach duin' agaibh bronach  
 Airson fòirneart ar rìgh.

An diu chuala mi naidheachd,  
 'S air àlt cha b' aimhealach leinn i,  
 Nam biodh cuis mar a b' àit leinn,  
 'S gum biodh an t-ath-sgeul cho binn rith'.  
 Gu bheil Rìgh Seumas le farum  
 A cur thairis nam mìltean,  
 On 's leat uachdar na mara,  
 Greas is tarrainn gu strìth iad.

A Mhic ghloirmhoir na h-oighe,  
 Coimhead foirneart ar righeachd.  
 Co a b' urrainn ar smaladh,  
 Ach do lamh-sa 'bhi sint' leinn!  
 Faic an nise Prionns' Orains  
 'Cur na coir' os a cinn oirnn.  
 Dean oirnn cobhair, a Shlanaighir,  
 Seall le baigh air gach tinn dhi:n.

A Rìgh chumhachdaich, fheartaich,  
 Dha' n leir reachdan gach tire,  
 Cum air aghaidh an ceartas,  
 'S an lagh seachranach pill e.  
 Faic luchd nam breid dathte,  
 'S gur a pailtiad san righeachd;  
 Ma tha 'n eucoir nan aigheadh,  
 Beum do shlait' air gach ti dhiubh.

Nuair thanig Uilleam a Shasunn,  
 'S e rinn aiseag a bhreamais;  
 Thug e 'n righeachd air eiginn  
 O'n athair-ceil' a thug bean dha,  
 Cha b' i reula nan duilean  
 'Bha deanamh iull dhuit san aineol;  
 Mar a bh' aig na tri righrean  
 Nuair bha Iosa 'na leanabh.

Thug thu 'm follais an t-Slanaigheir  
 Sgeula grain do luchd-teagaisg,  
 Bhrist thu fhein agus Mari  
 'N ceathramh aithne gu beadaidh.  
 Ghlac thu coir brath 'r do mhathar  
 Ann ad laimh gu aniochdmhor;  
 Mar bhreun ghearran 'sa chathair,  
 'S nach b' fhear-taighe de 'shliochd thu.

'S fìor mhallaicht' an lanan  
 'Thum an Spain anns an roinn ud,  
 'Dh' fhaotthuinn seilbh a cheart aindeoin

Le muthadh malairt an t-slaightir.  
 Ged a stadadh an claidheabh  
 Gun bhuill' a chaith' mh ach na rinn e,  
 Bidh fuil ag eigheach am flathea;  
 Ad dheidh a latha 's a dh-oidheche.

Nuair chaidh Whitehall a losgadh  
 Bu mhall bhur choiseachd gun bhrogan.  
 'S mi nach rachadh le pairti  
 Air mhior' a bhathadh na toite.  
 Ma 's e daoine 'rinn suas e,  
 B' fhaoin an cruadal 'san seoltachd.  
 Chan fheil mi gearan, mo thruaigh',  
 Ach' lughad 's fhuair ann an rostadh.

Cha dig ach rucas is cealgan  
 O chruit an cearbach an rabail.  
 Cuiridh 'n t-aibhistear saoil ris,—  
 Bidh Dia is daoine ga aicheadh.  
 Cleas eud bean a chruiteir,  
 'Rinn an trusdaireachd ghraineil,  
 Thog iad airsan mar ursgeul  
 Gun do mhurt e 'dhearbhadh bhrathair.

Gum bu ghranda na sgeoil sin  
 'Thog na deamhnan ga dhibeirt,  
 Is a sgaol iad gun dearbhadh  
 Mar bhuille searbhadh da 'n luchd-mioruin;  
 Gun cuir' isean a chlamhain  
 An nead clannach an fhireoin,  
 Mac mucail a bhalaich  
 'Shalachadh fala nan righrean.

'S mairg righ a rinn cleamhnas  
 Ri Duitseach sanntach gun trocair.  
 Cha b' e n' onair bu ghnaths dha,  
 Ged 's tu brath' r mathar an rogair'.  
 Ged a thug thu dha Mari  
 Air dheas laimh 'chum a posadh,

Ghabh e t' oighreachd a' t' antofl  
Thar do cheann gu ro dheonach.

Ach nan digeadh ar righ oirnn  
'S a mhac dileas air aidmheil,  
Ged a theirteadh le moran  
Nach h-i 'choir a bhiodh againn  
Cha bu mho orr' ceann Uilleim,  
Air sraid Lunnainn an Sasunn  
A ghrad fhuadach o mhuineal  
Na cluas cuilein an radain.

Is sgeul buan do 'n mhnaoi mhearcaich  
Nach tog mac leatha 'h-oighreachd.  
'S ion d' i curam a ghabhail  
Mun duinear cathair na soills' oirr'  
Thoil i mallachd a h-athar  
On ghabh an t-aibhistear greim dh' i;  
'S olc an duthchas a lean i,  
Chunnt i 'seanair na thraoiteir.

'S math, an toiseach ar seannsa,  
Gun d rinn am Frangach de thapadh.  
'S gun do ghlacadh leis Monnsa  
L e fhir throm-bhuilleach, sgaiteach.  
Bu mhath gum biodh an adbhansa  
'Tigh'inn nan deann a chum Shasuinn,  
Is gum faicteadh an cunntar  
Cho grad ri tionndadh nan cairtean.

Ach ma stad air an Diuca,  
'S nach h-e 'run tigh' nn na's faide,  
Leig e cadal d' a chirein,  
Stad a sgriob mar a chleachd e.  
Mu leig gach saighdear a ghleus deth  
Nuair tha leugart mu 'n chaisteal,  
B' fhearr gum faicinn an coileach,  
No gun goireadh a chaismeachd.

Ma tha e 'n dan dhuit teachd dhachaidh  
 'S nar dhuit t' fhaicinn gun speurad,  
 Ged a fhuair thu pairt leonaidh  
 Ri am fogradh Rìgh Seumas,  
 Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raipeir,  
 Seall ri slachdan a ghleusaidh,  
 Le 'n do spiosadh mo sgroban,  
 Ma 's fìor Tomas an Reumair.

Aimheabach, vexing, vexations. Mearcach,  
 rash, headstrong. Spios, spice.

---

King Louis of France captured Mons in Belgium in the Spring of 1691. Whitehall was partly destroyed by fire April 10, 1691. King James, assisted by the French, expected to invade England. His project came to a sudden termination through the defeat of the French fleet off Cape La Hogue, May 17, 1692. The Duke referred to is the Duke of Berwick. He was a natural son of King James by Arabella Churchill. He was born in 1670. He served under his father in Ireland. He was killed at the siege of Philipsburg on the Rhine in 1734.

## Oran an Aghaidh an Aonaidh Eadar Albainn Agus Sasunn.

---

Ge b'e thogas an lasair  
Anam fadadh na smuide,  
Theid an cuibhreach, mu'n chapull,  
Gun bhi fada fo 'gluinibh :  
Ach 'fhir a dh'eirich le gradachd  
A chur fasdadh nan lub oirr',  
Sparr thu 'n goisnean mu 'ladhar  
Mar eun 'cladhach an ruchain.

Bhrist thu luirg anns a chrann sin,  
'S chaidh an seann damh'am mearachd;  
Na daimh oga tha 'beucaich,  
'S iad gun fheum a chum tarruinn.  
'Fhir a b' abhaist an ceannsaich'  
Is an tionndadh le an-ìochd,  
'S e Diuc Atholl le durachd  
'Bhrist do luban a dh' aindeoin.

Ge b'e 'leanadh gu dìreach  
Diuca fìrnneach Atholl,  
'S roghainn cruthaicht' thar sluaigh e  
Bhuidhneadh buaidh mar 'rinn athair,  
Bha thu 'n aghaidh luchd-cise  
'Ghabh na mìltean mar roghainn;  
Ach fagaidh mis' iad gu h-ìseal  
Nan laidhe shìos anns na spleadhan.

'S mor 'tha 'ghliocas na rioghachd  
Deagh sgriobht' ann ad mheomhair.  
'Bha thu foghlum as t' oige  
'Chur na corach air adhart  
'N aghaidh Bhanntairean misgeach  
Bha ri bristeadh an lagha;  
Nam biodh iad uile gu m'ordagh-s'  
Gheibheadh iad cord agus teadhair.

Na biodh ort-sa bonn airtneil,  
 Tha fir Athoill nan seasamh;  
 Luchd nan gorm lannan geura  
 'Dheanadh feum dhuit 'gad fhreasdal;  
 Mar sud 's do dheagh bhraithrean  
 Luchd nan sar-bhuillean sgaiteach;  
 Fir a chaitheamh nan saighead,  
 'S a ro ghleidheadh na cartach.

Na biodh ortsa bonn mi-ghean,  
 Tha fir do thire gle ullamh;  
 Corr mor is deich mìle  
 Ged a leughainn an tuilleadh,  
 'Mheud 's a bhuidhinn e 'phris dhuit,  
 Chaidh e sgriobhte do Lunnainn.  
 Na chuireadh dragh orra an Albainn  
 Gun robh 'nan armaibh gle ullamh.

Latha randabhu 'n t-sleibhe  
 Bha mi-fein ann is chunnic;  
 Bha na trupanen sreìn' ann  
 Bha na ceudan a' cruinneach.'  
 Ge b'e ghabhadh air 'anam  
 Gun robh mnathan mar dhuin' ann,  
 Gun rachadh saighead na airnibh  
 Gus an traigh i an fhuil as.

'Mhorair Dupplin, gun fhuireach,  
 Dh'fhosgail uinneag do sgornain:  
 Dh'eirich roscal 'ad chridhe  
 Nuair chual thu tighinn an t-or ud;  
 Shluig thu 'n aileag de'n gheanach,  
 Dh'at do sgamhan is bhoc e;  
 Dh'fhosgail teannsgal do ghoile,  
 'S lasach greallag do thona.

Cha b' ionghnadh sud dhuit a thachairt,  
 Ogha bhaigeir ud Liunusaidh,  
 'S a liuthad dorus mor caisteil  
 Ris 'n do staille e 'chnaimh tiompain.



Cha d'fhag e baile gun siubhal  
 Bho Chill-rudha gu Frainse,  
 Mar ghabhas sin 's an t-ord Gallach  
 Gu ruige baile Iarl' Anntum.

Ogha baigeir na luioich  
 Ciod do chuis an taigh-parla  
 Mur deach thu dh'fhoghlum a gheanaich,  
 Mar bha 'n seanair o 'n d'fhas thu.  
 Cha d'fhag e ursann gun loeradh,  
 Eadar Ros is Ceann Taile;  
 Bhiodh a theanga gle ullamh  
 Nuair a ruigeadh e fardach.

Tha QUEENSBURY 'n trath so  
 Mar fhear straic' a cur thairis,  
 Eis' a' tarruinn gu direach  
 Mar ghearran dian ann an greallaig;  
 'S luehd nam putagan anairt  
 Ian smear' agus geire;  
 Nam bu mhise an ceannair',  
 Bhiodh 'n ceann de 'n amull air dheireadh.

Tha Diuc Atholl's Diuc Gordan  
 Gle chordte 's iad duinte,  
 Air an sgrìobhadh gu daingeann,  
 Ach tha Hamilton dubailt'.  
 Iarla Bhrathainn bhiodh mar-ris,  
 Cha bhiodh mealladh 'sa chuis sin,  
 'Toirt a chruin bhuain le ceannach,  
 An ceart fhradharc ar suilean.

Tha Meinneireach Uaimh ann,  
 Gle tuaineach 'na bhreathal,  
 'S e mar dhuine gun suilean  
 'Giarraidh iuil air feadh ceathaich;  
 Ach thig e fathast le umhlachd  
 'Chum an Diuc, ma 's i bheatha,  
 'S bidh a shannt 's a mhi-dhurachd  
 Anns an smur gun aon rath air.



Iarla Bhrathainn a SEAFORTH,  
 Cha bhi sith-shaímh ri d' bheo dhuit,  
 Gum bi ort sa cruaidh-fhaghaid  
 N taobh a staigh de.'n Roinn-Eorpa.  
 Ach nam faiglinn mo roghainn,  
 'S dearbh gun leaghainn an t-or dhuit,  
 A stigh air faochaig do chlaiginn,  
 Gus an casadh e 'd bhotuinn

Spleadhan, falsehoods. Cairt, a charter.  
 Roscal, joy. Greallag, a swing, a swingle-tree,  
 a gut. Putagan anairt, pock-puddings. Cean-  
 naire, a driver, a leader of plough horses. Cas,  
 climb.

The Union with England, which took place May 1st, 1707, was exceedingly unpopular in Scotland. It was carried however, in the Scottish parliament by a hundred and ten votes against sixty-nine. Many of those who voted for it were bribed by English gold, or by promises of rank and office. James Douglas, second duke of Queensbury, was the most active agent in bringing it about. Thomas Hay, vicount Dupplin, was in favor of it. Menzies of Weem and Uilleam Dubh, fifth Earl of Seaforth were also in favor of it. James Douglas, fourth duke of Hamilton, opposed it, but not in such a straightforward manner as was expected of him. He could have pre-

vented it, if he had exerted himself properly. John Murray, first Duke of Athole, opposed it with great zeal.

The union which made England and Scotland one kingdom was no doubt a very good thing. It is not a very pleasant thing, however, to find Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, Lord Clyde, Dr. Livingstone, Macaulay, Gladstone, and Lord Rosebery spoken of as Englishmen. Have the countrymen of Wallace and Bruce become extinct?

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## Ghabh Air Fogradh Do'n Spain.

---

Ghabh air fogradh do 'n Spain  
Fear m' eolais 's mo dhaimh;  
Cha cheileadh tu pairt dhe t' aigneadh orm

'Mhic-'Ic-Raonuill nam pios,  
Nam bratach 's nam piob,  
Chan fhaicteadh 'san strith thu cailleachail

S e mo ghaol an ceann sluaigh,  
Nach bu tais am beairt chruaidh;  
Chiteadh rudhadh 'a ghruaidh 's cha b'  
fhaiteachas.

'S fad a dh' aithnichinn do cheum  
'S tu air thoiseach nan ceud,  
S' air uaile gum b' eutrom, astarach.

Nam bhi suibhal nan stuc,  
Bhiodh leat gilleam 's coin luth,  
Agus gunna nach diultadh lasadh dhuit.

Thig an claidheabh gorm caol  
 Dhuit an duille ri d' thaobh,  
 'S gum bu chuimhneach m' fhear gaoil air  
 tapachd leis.

Mar ri bogh' an t-sar chuil,  
 Air a thaghadh o 'n bhuth,  
 Is gun tolladh tu suil na cartach leis.

'Fhir a thanig an de  
 Nall a Raineach nan geug,  
 'S ann agad tha 'n sgeul chuir airsneal  
 orm.

O! cha bhrathainn, 's mi 'm cheill,  
 Thu do Dhuibhneach fo 'n ghrein,  
 Ged a dh-innseadh tu sgeul do leapach  
 dhomh.

'S ann orms' a rug a mhi-bhuaidh  
 O mhoch maduinn Di-luain,  
 Nuair a ghabh mi 'n cead truagh 'sa chaip-  
 lich dhiot.

Gar h-e mis' 'tha fo ghruaim,  
 'S mi nam onrachdan truagh,  
 'S nach faic mi tighinn o 'n Chruaich na b'  
 aite leam.

---

The foregoing song was composed either about Alasdair nan Cleas, of Kerpoch, or Raonull Og his eldest son. John Lom may or may not have been the author of it. If he was, the song must be about Raonull Og.

In May, 1615, Alasdair nan Cleas, Raonull Og, and the eldest son of Mac-

donald, of Moidart, assisted Sir James Macdonald, ofIslay, in making his escape from prison in Edinburgh. Sir James tried to wrest his lands from the grasp of the Campbells, but did not succeed. He was compelled to flee to Spain in 1616. Alasdair nan Cleas and his second son, Donald Glas, joined him about 1618. Sir James was pardoned in 1620 and allowed to return to London. He received a pension from King James of one thousand marks sterling. He died in London in 1626. Alasdair nan Cleas was also pardoned in 1620 and allowed to return to Lochaber. He received a pension of two hundred marks sterling. The year of his death is unknown. The history of Raonull Og is very obscure. He was outlawed in 1615. According to the Kinrara MS. he was in possession of Keppoch in 1639. *A. M. Shaw's Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan*, p 327. The probability is that he spent the most of his time in Lochaber. He did not go to Spain with his father. It seems certain, however, that he was in Spain for some time. It is said that he died in London.

## Mi 'm Shuidhe air an Aisre.

---

Mi 'm shuidhe air an aisre,

Gun agam ach mi 'm onar.

Mi 'm shuidhe, etc.

Gun robh mi 'n de mu 'n taice so,

Mar chleachd bhi o m' oige,

Mar ri Marì Chrìarich,

Lamh fhial a dhiol an oir i',—

Mar ri gruaidh an fhaiteachais,

'S bu taitneach leam a comhradh.

A bhean-an-taighe freasdail dhuinn,

Is lion an seipein beorach.

An deoch so air do shlainte,

'S gum b' fheairrd thu ri do bheo i.

Is ged mhisde mise i,

Chan fhag mi driosg gun ol d' i.

Air ceisd nam ban o'n Chananich,

An gaisgeach fearail, morail,

Gun d' rinneadh iùchair Sheumais leat.

A dh' eignich o luchd chleòc' e

Ach tamull beag an deidh sin,

Gum b' fheudar dol air fogradh.

Gun dug thu as an rioghachd ort

Gu crìochan 's nach robh t' eolas.

Bhiodh grabhailte mhath, chinnte ach ort.

A dhion do chinn an comhrag.

Glac chom air dheagh lughadh ort,

Sgian dubh le taghadh smeorne;

Is gunna caol nach duilteadh srad

Air udlaiche na croice.

Tha comharr' a bhi dileas ort,—  
Gun dug an rìgh dhuit storas;

Gun dug e o Chaol-Muille dhuit  
Gu cnoc na coille moire;

'S gun dug e cruit fo theudan dhuit,  
Is cead a seinn na sheombar,

Gum bu chonnsunn smachdail thu  
Air Lachainn Mac-an-Toisich.

'S a Raonuill oig na Ceapich,  
Gur a h-ait leinn maireann beo thu,

A cheannsachadh nan Duibhneach,  
Is gur cuimhne leinn an do bheairt.

---

It is possible, perhaps probable, that the foregoing song was composed by John Lom.

The Chanonrie of Fortrose is known in Gaelic as a Chananich. It is said that Raonull Og got a key made which would open the door of the prison in which Sir James Macdonald was confined, and that it was by means of this key that Sir James effected his escape. It is just possible that Alasdair nan Cleas had really more to do with getting the key made than Raonull Og. In 1618 Sir Lachlan Mackintosh invaded Keppoch with a large force for the purpose of apprehending Alasdair nan Cleas and his sons, but was under the necessity of going back without them.

## Ged Tha 'n Oidhche 'n Nochd Fuar.

Ged than 'n oidhche 'n nochd fuar,  
 'S beag air cadal mo luaidh;  
 'S chan e tainead no fuairead m' eudaich;  
     Ged tha 'n oidhche, etc.

Ach an naidheachd so fhuair  
 Mi 's a mhaduinn Di-luain;  
 Gur a fada 's gur buan dhomh 'h-eislean.

Chi thu, 'Rìgh, 's beag mo luaidh  
 'Dhol do'n doire so shuas,  
 Far an goireadh a chuach 'sa cheitean.

'S iad mo chinneadh a bh' ann,  
 'S iad mar choluinn gun cheann,  
 No mar thobar an gleann air deubhadh.

Gur a mise tha tinn,  
 'S bochd 's gur tursach 'tha mi,  
 Is nach faicear 'san tìr fear t' eugais.

Gur a mis' tha fo sprochd,  
 Cach mu t' fhearann a trod,  
 Is nach suidh thu air cnoc gan reiteach'.

Gur a mise tha fo bhron  
 Mu mo mhaighistir coir,  
 'S e 'na laighe fo 'n fhoid gun eirigh;

Ann an ciste nam bord,  
 N deidh a sparradh le ord  
 'Ghraidh, cha daisgear le ceol nan teud thu.

Chunnaic mis do thur,  
 'S e gun mhire, gun mhuirn,  
 Is do chinneadh 's gach cuis an deidh laimh.

Chunnaic mise do bhord  
 'S e gun iomairt, gun ol,  
 Agus innis a cheo is fear troimp'.



Tha do bhaile gun stath,  
 'S e gun sabhall, gun ath,  
 Ach na fhiadhairean bana, feurach.

Piob sgallach nan dos  
 Bhiodh mu d' thalla gle mhoch,  
 Le ceol caithreamach, bras, luath, eibhinm.

Thigeadh boineid o 'n bhuth,  
 Air chul bachlach mo ruin,  
 'S cota Lunnaineach dnbh-ghorm eutrom.

Bu tu namhaid a bhrùic,  
 'Thig o bhruachaibh an t-sluic,  
 Is a bhradain air uisg' a leumadh.

Bu leat sinteag nan carn  
 Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg,  
 'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg na ceire;

Leis a chuilbheir chaol ghlas,  
 Nach diultadh an t-srad,  
 Leagteadh ultaiche bras an t-sleibhe.

Gum b' fhear bogh' thu nach b' ole  
 Dhol a thomhas nam prop,  
 Bhiodh do shaighead sa phloc ga reubadh.

Tri chrainn fhichead is corr  
 Nach b' fhurasd idir a leon,  
 'S ann a bhrìst thu le t' ordaig fein iad.

An taigh-lagha nan tur  
 Gum bu fhradharcaich thu,  
 Cha bu chladhaire' chunntadh feich ort.

Am measg Ghaidheal is Ghall,  
 Far an eisteadh do chainnt.  
 Gheibhteadh Laideann is Fraingis 's Beurla.

'S ann an Sasunn fo 'n uir,  
 Dh' fhag mi tasgaidh mo ruin,  
 Ann an caibeal nan turaibh gle gheal.



'M Baile Lunnainn nan cleoc,  
Dh'fhag mi urra mo loin;  
Leat bu duilich e, 'Dhomhnaill Shleitich!

Och! fhir chridhe mo ghaoil  
Do'm bu shuaicheantas fraoch,  
S' e mo chreach nach do dh-fhaod thu eirigh.

In the manuscript from which I have copied this poem it is termed, "Oran do Mhac-Iain Aird-nam-Morchann, le gille a bha aige fhein." In D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire, which contains thirteen verses of it, it is termed, "Cumha Raonail Oig, le Iain Lom." I do not suppose that John Lom had anything to do with it.

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## Oran Do Dh-aonghus Mac Rao- nuill Oig.

---

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall  
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar,  
Far 'm bu shubhach 's 'm bu mhiadhail seoid;

Gu tur meadhrach nach crion  
Nan ceann-feadhna 's glan fiamh,  
Cuirte ghreadhnach 'm bu rioghail stoirm;

Gu taigh ainmeil mor-fheil'  
'S an cluinnt' toragan nan teud,  
'Fhir a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin,

Ann an aros mo ruin  
Chluinnteadh clarsaichean ciuil,  
'S iomairt thaileasg air chruinntibh oir.

Fuaim na fìdhle mu seath,  
Toirm air pìob 'bu mhath blas,  
Fion Spainteach dearg datht' ann 's beoir;

'S uisge beatha nam pìos  
'Rachadh t' airgiod ga dhìol;  
Chit' an glain' e mar ghriog an oir.

Bhìodh mnai aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh  
'Gabhail dhana le teud,  
'Sior chur seachad na seisteachd leo;

Cèinnlean aca de 'n cheir  
'S iad an lasadh gu geur'  
Urlar farsuing mu 'n eight 'an t-ol.

Macant maighneanail thu  
Faicheil, f idhreachail, ciuin  
Marcach greadhnach nan cruaidh-each gorm.

Bhìodh eich sheanga 'nan leum,  
'S iad 'nan deannaibh 'cur reis',  
'S fìr a sreamadh nan sreìn ri 'm beoil

'N uair a rachadh tu 'mach  
'S ard a chluinnteadh do smachd,  
Bhìodh Iain Muideartach leat 's MacLeoid;

Mac-Mhic-Ailein bho 'n chuan  
Le loingeas daraich lom, luath;  
Luchd nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stroic.

Thig Aonghas ardanach treun,  
Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug,  
'S na fìr ghasda nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol  
Is Clann-Domhnaill, na laòich  
Sud a bhuidheann nach maom 's an toir.

Thig fìr Eirinn a risd,  
'Chuir thu fhein air do thi;  
'S iad a dh' eireadh le strìth mu d' dhorn.

Thig Clann-Pharlain nan sgiath  
 'Bh'aig fear t' aite-sa riamh,  
 'S Mac-an-Aba le 'chiad fear mor.

Bu leat fir an taoibh tuath,  
 Fir a Bhraighe so shuas,  
 'S deagh Mhac-Griogair-bho Ruadh struth chro.

'N uair a bhi•dh tu n' Loch Treig  
 Bu dluth 'tholladh tu beinn;  
 Bu tu marbhaiche 'n eisg le leis;

Agus coisiche 'chairn  
 Leis an cinneadh an t sealg,  
 'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg nan croc,

'N uair a ranig mi 'Chruach,  
 Bha mi t' ionndraichinn bhuam;  
 'S e do mhulad 'bha tuairgneadh orm.

Tha do chinneadh mor fhein  
 Fo mhulad 'ad dheigh,  
 'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoir.

'S ann an torachd nan each  
 'Dh'fhag mi 'n t-og a b'fhearr dreach:  
 Cha dè dhiobair a chlach an t ord.

'S ann 'n a shineadh 'san allt  
 Bha ceann-taighe mo ghraidh,  
 Ged a thuit thu le dermad leo.

Cha bu spuillear air tuath  
 Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;  
 Bha mo dhiubhail air ghuailnibh sloigh,

Chaireadh ceannard an t-sluaigh  
 Le 'dha leanabh 'san uaigh;  
 Fath mo ghearain 's mi fuasgladh dheoir.



According to the person who sent me this poem, it was composed about Aonghus Mac Raonuill Oig, and is the original version of Biodh an uidheam so 'triall. I cannot accept this view of the poem. I look upon it as being made up of stanzas from three or four different poems. The greater portion of it seems to me to be far more applicable to Macdonald of Sleat or Glengarry than to Aonghus MacRaonuill Oig. Some of the verses appear in the Elegy on Sir James of Sleat. I feel confident that these verses really belong to that poem. I am not aware of valid ground upon which it could be said of Aonghus MacRaonuill Oig, Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat's MacLeoid. But this could be said concerning Sir James of Sleat with a fair degree of propriety. He married, as his second wife, Mary, daughter of John Macleoid, 14th of Harris; whilst Florence, one of his daughters by his first wife, was married to John Macleod, 16 of Harris. Iain Breac Roderick, 17th of Harris, was Sir James's grandson.

## Raon Ruari.

---

An ainm an aigh ni mi tus  
 Air a mheanmna so 'm run  
 Chan i 'so 'n aimsir mu 'n duin an ceitein oirnn

Na faicteadh loingeas an righ  
 'Cur an spionnaidh gu tir,  
 Chan e Uilleam tha mi cho deidheil air.

Ach righ Seumas 's a shiol  
 A dh-ordich Dia gus ur dion;  
 Cha righ iasid d'am fiach dhuinn geilleachdinn.

Ach mar dig thu air ball,  
 S do leintean criosa ga'n call,  
 Is ceud misde leinn thall san Epheit thu.

An comunn ciotach gun bhaigh  
 A shuidh an ionad nan Stath  
 Mar cho-meata chuir Satan seula riu.

Paca sligheach na ceilg.  
 D'am bu dligheach a mheirg,  
 Dhubh am fitheach le salchar eucair iad.

Cha b'e 'm brathadair coir  
 Bha cur gabhail fo 'm foid,  
 Ach fear an taigh' nach bu choir bu sheuconds  
                   dhuibh.

Ann sa bheithe bheag og  
 Tha fo bhaile mhic-Dheors',  
 Gum bu lionar fear cleochd' bha reubte ann.

An Raon-Ruari nam bad  
 Bu lionmhor uaigh is corp rag  
 Bha aig luchd shluasid is chaib gan leidigeadh.

Air a bhruthach a stad  
 Fo dhubhar nam bad,  
 Chaidh nan siubhal gu grad na reubaltich.

A shar Chleibhir nan each  
 Bu cheann-feadhn thu air fcaichd  
 Mo chreach leir an tus gleachd mar dh-eirich  
 dhuit.

Bu lasair theine dhaibh t' fhearg  
 Gus an d' eirich mi-shealbh;  
 Bhuaill am peileir fo earball t' eididh thu.

Cha robh t-eascarid suas  
 Eadar Arcamh is Tuaid,  
 Mur bhi an tacaidd a bhuaill san eudann thu.

Bu mhor cosgradh do lamh  
 Fo do chlogaide ban;  
 Do chorp nochdte geal graidh ga eidigeadh.

Nuair dhaom t-uaislean am mach,  
 Cha sgaoth bhuachaillean mhart,  
 Ach luchd bhualadh nan cnap gu speireadail.

Clann Domhnaill an aigh  
 Luchd a chonnsaich gach blar,  
 Cha do ghabh sibh riamh sgath roimh reubaltich.

Is iomad fiuran deas og  
 Gun lan duirn air de dh-fheol,  
 Nach gabh curam 's a chomhrag eiridh leibh.

'S lionmhor lasgaire dian  
 Bha fo 'n cuid bhratach dol sìos  
 'S cha b-iad na fathichibh crìon 'ur reis-maidean.

Agus lamh bu mhor lughs  
 A chur na Spaintich gu cul  
 'Ghearradh chlaighnan chnaimh-smuis is fheithe-  
 anan.

Fhuair iad deannal sa choill  
 Bho chruaidh lannaibh siol-chuinn,  
 A bhruchd nan deannaibh thar tuinn trom  
 chreuchdeach iad.

Bu lionar piorbhuic is gruag  
A chaidh a spea'tadh mu 'n enuaic  
S bha fuil dhaite na stuaidh air feuran ann.

Mo run an Domhnaill Gorm og  
Bho n tur Shleitich s bho n Ord,  
Fhuair thu deuchainn s bu mhor an sgeula sin

Gradh an t-Alasdair Dubh  
Bho Aird-Gharidh nan struth  
Bha air a tharruing an tuigh nan eucorach.

Bha ann an tanaistear ur  
S b'og am planntas mo run  
S cha'b'e'n campair air chul na sgeithe e.

Bha bhrathair eil ann Iain Og  
S dh-aomich peileir troimh fheoil  
S caol a thearinn e beo bho n speileireachd.

'S e 'Prionns Uilleam 's a shluagh  
'Dh'fhag an duthich so truagh  
Nuair a chuir e thar cuan righ Seumas bhuainn.

Ach guidheam sgrios agus plaigh,  
Gort is miosguinn is bas,  
Air an sliochd mar bh'air al na h-Eipheite.

Gach aon latha dol sìos  
Caigneadh chlàidhibh troimh'm bian  
'S coin a caitheamh an diol air sleibhtichinn.

Thig am Frangach a steach  
Le treun champa chuid each  
S bidh a bhanga'd s a bhreac-staoig greidhte.  
dhuit.

Theid thu Hanobher air ais  
Thig an cot dhiot an cais;  
'S i sean choir a choin ghlais a b fheumaile.

Ged tha an cogadh so searbh,  
Air a thogail gu garg,  
Le ceann nathrach bioth earball peucaig air.

The foregoing version of "An ainm an aigh ni mi tus" was sent to me a few days ago. As the person sending it desires to have it printed I comply with his request.

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### Cumha.

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DO SHIR DOMHNALL SHLEITE-

---

'S cian 's gu fada mi 'm thamh,  
'S trom leam m' aigneadh fo phramh;  
Bho nach cadal dhomh seimh 's tim eirigh.  
'S cian 's gur fada &c.

Laigh an aois orm gu cruaidh,  
Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,  
'S rinn e faodail bhoichd thruagh dha fein  
diom.

a leann dubh orm gach la-  
'Se gam mhuchadh a ghnath,  
Air mo chuis-sa cha ra-sgeul breig e.

Tha gach urra 'dol dhiom  
Bho 'm faigh 'nn furan le miadh,  
A choig urrad 's a b' fhiach mi 'dh-eirig.

Chaill mi armuinn mo stuic,  
Mo sgiath laidir 's mo phruip,  
Iad ri aiteach an t sluic is feur orr'.

Fath mo bhioraidh 's mo cholg,  
'Thaobh gach iomairt so 'dh' fhalbh,  
Luaths bhur n-iomachd air lorg a cheile.

Mhuch mo mheadhail 's mo mheas  
Daoil 'bhi cladhach bhur slìos;  
Chaidh mo raghain fo lic de leugaibh.



Bhuail an t-earrach orm spot,  
 'S trom a dh' fhairich mi 'lot,  
 Chuir e 'n lughad mo thoirt, 's beag m' fheum  
 air.

Bas Shir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol  
 Chuir mo chomhnuidh fo sgaoil,  
 Dh' fhag mi 'm onar 'san aois gam leireadh.

'S ann riut a labhrainn mo mhiann  
 Gu dana, ladarna, dian,  
 Ged a bhidhinn da thrian 'san eucoir.

'Siomad smaointinn bochd, truagh,  
 'Teachd air m' aire gach uair,  
 Bho 'n la 'chaochail air snuadh fear t' eugaig.

Leoghann fireachail, ard,  
 Muinte, spioradal, garg,  
 Umhail, iriosal, feardha, treubh-ach.

Leug nan arm is nan each,  
 Reimeil, calma, gun aire,  
 Dh'eug thu 'n Armadail glas nan deideag.

Bha do chinneadh fo phramh,  
 Do thuath 's do phaighearán mail,  
 Uaislean t' fhearainn 's gach lan fhearfeusaig.

Bha mnai beul-dearg a bhruit  
 Ri call an ceille 's am fuilt,  
 'S cach ag eiteadh do chuirp air deile.

Moch 'sa mhaduinn Diardaoin  
 Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,  
 'N deidh a phasgadh gu caol 'sna leintean.

'N ciste ghiubhais nam bord,  
 An truail chumhaing na's leoir,  
 'N deidh a dubhadh fo 'n t-srol air speicean.

Gu eaglais Shleite na stuaidh,  
 'Chosg thu fhein ri chur suas,  
 Ged nach d' fhuirich thu buan ri 'sgleutadh.

Fhuair thu deannal no dho,  
 'Dh 'fhag do phannal fo bhron,  
 'S gum bu ghearan an leon mun eigheadh.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan strac,  
 Far 'n do bhuannich sibh blar,  
 Chaill thut' uaislean is t-armuinn ghleusda.

Air an talamh chrion, chruaidh,  
 'S nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluas.  
 Fhuair sibh deannal na luaithe leithe.

Bu neo-chraobhaidh na seoid  
 'Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leon,  
 B' an diu Raonall is Eoin is Seumas.

Ann ad thalla mar thriath,  
 Cha bu ghnath leat 'bhi crion,  
 Gum bu nollaig le fion do reidhlean.

B' e 'm bol pathaidh do mhiann  
 Bhi 'ga chaitheamh gu dian;  
 'S 'n uair a thraight' e gun lionteadh reidh  
     leat,

De dh-uisge-beatha 's de bheoir,  
 'Siad a gabhail na 's leoir,  
 Mar a thoilicheadh beoil ga eigheach.

Mu bhord gun tioma, gun ghruaim,  
 Le ol, 's le iomairt, 's le sluagh,  
 Is ceol 'bu bhinne na cuach 'sa cheitein.

Dh' fhalbh na spailpean an null,  
 'Bha fial, farsuinn, 'nar grunn;  
 Cha b' iad na fachaich gun rum, gun leud iad.

Domhnall Gorm 'bu ghlan gnuis,  
 Fear bu mhine de 'n triuir,  
 'S cha bu chorr-cheann e 'n cuirt righ Seurlas.

Cha dean mi run ach gu foil  
 Do 'n al ur 's 'th' air teachd oirnn,  
 Bho nach duisgear le ceol Sir Seumas.

Dh' fhalbh thu fhein 's do cheud mhac,  
Mala gheur sibh gu neart;  
'S fad' o cheile fo cheapaibh reisg sibh.

'S blath an leap' air bhur cionn,  
Seach daormuinn 'thaisgeadh an t-suim;  
Sibh 'bu sgapach air buinn le feile.

Thuirt mi 'n urrad ud ruibh,  
Tha mi 'm urrainn g'a dhiol;  
Slan 'ur muineil cha till sibh breug orm.

Faodail, a waif, a thing found without  
an owner. Reimeil, authoritative. Brot  
or brat, a veil. Bruit, of the veil. Pan-  
nal, a band of men. Craobhaidh—ner-  
vous, tender, shivering. Fachach---a  
little insignificant man ; also a puffin.  
Daormunn---a miser. Eiteadh---stretch-  
ing. Slan, in spite of. Sir Donald Mac-  
donald, 10th of Sleat, died February 5,  
1695.

## Marbhrann.

DO DH-ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARADH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro 's fada, 's gur fada,  
Is cian fada mo bhron,  
O 'n la charadh gu h-iseal  
Do phearsa pnriseil fo 'n fhoid.  
Tha mo chridhe-sa ciuirt'  
Cha dean mi sugradh ri m' bheo,  
On dh' fhalbh ceannard nan uaislean,  
Oighre dualach an t-Sroim.

'S mi ag eiridh 'sa mhaduinn  
 Gur beag m' aiteas ri sugradh,  
 On dh' fhalbh uachdaran fearail  
 Ghliune-Garadh air ghiulan,  
 'S ann am flaitheas na failte  
 Tha ceannard aillidh na dùthcha ;  
 Sar choirnileir foinnidh  
 Nach robh foilleil do 'n chrun thu.

'S mairg a tharladh roimh d' dhaoine  
 Nuair thogteadh fraoch ri do bhrataich;  
 Dh' eircadh stuadh an clar t-eudainn  
 Le neart feirg agus gaisge;  
 Sud an com 'bha neo-sgathach.  
 'S an t-suil bu bhlaithie gun ghaiseadh;  
 Gum biodh maoin air do naimhdean  
 Ri linn dhuit spainteach a ghlacadh.

Fhuair thu n' cliu sin o thoiseach,  
 Is cha b' olc e r 'a innseadh;  
 Craobh chosgairt 'sa bhlar thu  
 Nach gabhadh sgath roimh luchd-peicean;  
 No roimh shaighdearan dearga,  
 Ged a b' armailt an righ iad,  
 Le 'n cuid cheannartan fuilteach,  
 Is le 'n gunnachan cinnteach.

Gur a farsuinn do ranntan  
 Ri 'n seanachas 's ri 'n sloinneadh ;  
 Gur tu oighr' an Iarl' Ilich  
 Nach d' choisinn eis le gliomh foilleil,  
 Marcaich' ard nan each cruidheach,  
 Nan srian ur' 's nan lann soilleir ;  
 Lamh threun ann an cruadal.  
 Ceannard sluaigh a toirt teine.

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,  
 Bha meas is ainm air fear t' aignidh,  
 Fear do ghliocais 's do gheire,  
 Do chliu, do cheutaidh, 's do ghaisge,  
 Thug Dia gibhtean le buaidh dhuit,

Cridhe fuasgailteach, farsuinn,  
 'Thir bu chiuine na mhaighdean,  
 Is bu ghairge nan lasair.

'S goirt an t-earchall a thachair  
 On chaidh an iomairt so tuathal ;  
 O la blar Sliabh-an-t-Siorra  
 Chaill ar cinneach an uaislean;  
 Thionndaidh chuibhl' air clann-Domhnaill,  
 An treas connspunn bhi uatha,  
 Clann is colair Chlann-Raghnaill,  
 An fhuil ard 's i gun truailleadh.

'N nis on dh' fhalbh na fir dhaicheil,  
 'Chleachd mar abhaist 'bhi suairce,  
 Deagh Shir Domhnaill a Sleite,  
 Bu mhor reusan is cruadal,  
 Ailain Muideartach fearail,  
 'S an triath Garannach buadhach,  
 Cha dig gu brath air Clann-Domhnaill  
 Triuir chonnspunn cho cruaidh riu.

A Thi dh'fhuiling nar n-aite,  
 Eisd ad ghras ri ar n-urnigh,  
 Cum an t-aog o dha bhrathair  
 'N fhir a charadh fo'n uir leinn,  
 A dheanamh treise do'n alach so  
 A dh'fhagadh gun suilean,  
 Sliochd an t-seabhaig 's an armuinn  
 Nach dugadh each an sgiath chuil deth.

Nuair threig each an cuid fearainn,  
 Is nach d' fhan iad san rioghachd,  
 Sheas thusa gu fearail,  
 Gun sgath, sgainneal, no mi-chliu,  
 Chuir thu fuaradh na froise  
 Seach ar dorsan gar dionadh :  
 Gun robh t-aigheadh cho laidir  
 Ri leoghann ard de 'n fhuil rioghail

Cha robh iarl' ann an Albainn  
 Gheibheadh earbsa no run bhuait,

'S gum biodh toiseach gach naidheachd  
Gu lamhan a chuirteir.

Seabhag firinneach, suairce,  
'Chleachd bhi cruadalach, tùrail,  
Ceannard mhaithean is uaislean  
Bha air ghuailnibh ga ghiulan.

Sgeul a b' ait leam r'a eisdeachd,  
'S a bhi ga leirsinn le 'r siulean,  
Do mhac oighre bhith 't fhearann  
Mar bu mhath le luchd durachd.  
Ach aon neach leis am b' oil e,  
Luaidhe ghlas le neart fudair  
'Bhith troimh cluidh' air a fiaradh  
Chor 's nach iarradh e tionndadh.

Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry, Alasdair  
Dubh, died in 1724.

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I cannot believe that John Lom was the author of the foregoing elegy. It is fairly certain that he was in his grave long before it was composed.

John Lom was present at the battle of Stun-a-Chlachlain in 1640. It is admitted by everybody that he was at least sixteen years of age at the time. Consequently he must have been born as early as 1624. But Alasdair Dubh of Glengarry died in 1724. John Lom, if living at that time, must have been one hundred years of age. But it seems unreasonable, without clear proof, to ask us even to believe that the elegy on Glengarry was composed by a centenarian. John Lom composed an elegy on Aonghas MacRannull Oig in

1640. It does not look like the composition of a boy of sixteen. I take for granted that John Lom was a good deal older than sixteen in 1640.

The Rev. Donald Macnicol published remarks on Dr. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides, in 1779. In that work he states that John Lom lived to an extreme old age, and that there were still living people of very advanced years who remembered to have seen him. People of very advanced years, said to be people who were at least eighty-five years, or people who were born in 1694, and who were fifteen years of age in 1709. If John Lom had lived until 1724, there must have been a good many persons living in 1779 who had seen him, and these, persons who were not of very advanced years.

The sketch of John Lom which is published in *Sar-Obair nam Bard* was written by Dr. Macintyre of Kilmonivaig. Dr. Macintyre tells us that John Lom died at a very advanced age about the year 1710. Than Dr. Macintyre there could be no better authority. He took an interest in Gaelic poetry, and had the best possible opportunities for becoming acquainted with John Lom's history.

In view of the foregoing facts, I take for granted that John Lom died in 1709 or 1710, probably in 1709. But when was he born? According to Mr. Macnicol, Dr. Macintyre, and some Keppoch traditions that I have heard, he lived to an extreme old age. I think we must come to the conclusion that he was at least ninety or ninety-five years of age when he died. Thus, then, he must have been born as early as 1620, perhaps as early as 1615.

Beannachd leat, Iain Luim. Chuir mise t' orain am mach cho math 's cho ceart 's a b' urrainn mi. Tha mi 'n dochas gun dig cuid-eiginn am dheidh a ni nas fhearr.



## Notes.

1. From Turner's collection.

2. From R. Macdonald's collection. The last line of the eighth verse is given in the book as follows:—'S bhiodh briogadh an deidh a h-earr'.

3. Sixteen verses from Dr. Maclean's MS. The chorus, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th verses from Turner's collection. The following verses have been omitted:—

'N cuala sibh an turas ainmeil  
'Thug Alasdair mac Cholla 'dh-Albainn',  
Rinneadh leis pronnadh is marbhadh,  
'S leagadh leis Coileach Srath-Bhalgaidh.

An t-eun dona ' fhuair a cheusadh  
An Sasunn, an Albainn, 'S an Eirinn,  
Gur h-it e a cul do sgeithe,  
'S gur misde leam gun do gheill e.

These verses refer to the Earl of Huntly. If leagadh leis were dh' islich e there might be some truth in the 4th line. As it stands, it cannot be reconciled with historic facts.

4. From Turner's collection. The third line as given by Turner is as follows:—Choisinn latha Allt-Eirinn le mhor-shluagh. It was Montrose's genius that won the battle of Auldearn. Alister hac Coll had not a mor-shluagh or large host under him. A thug buaidh an Allt-Eirinn le chonnspuinn would be true. The third line of the third verse is, Nuair a bha thu 'sa gharadh a' t' onar. Alister mac Coll was not alone in the garden, sheep-pen, or whatever the enclosure may have been. The third line of the sixth verse is, Bha na shineadh am polla ud

Lochaidh. John Lom would never say that there were many of Montrose's men lying in the pool of Lochy. But what could Inverlochy have to do with Auldearn? The 7th verse is by myself. The last verse has been omitted. It is as follows:—

Chuir sibh pairt diu air theicheadh  
 Gus 'n do ranig sibh Muiri,  
 'S chuir sibh lasraichean teine 'sa Mhoraich.

So far as I can learn Montrose did not set fire to Moraich Mhic-Shimi, at the time of the battle of Auldearn. There may, however, have been a Moraich, or Mor-fhaiche, between Nairn and Garmouth. But whether there was or not, John Lom had too good an ear for music to suppose that Muiri rhymed with theicheadh.

5. From Dr. Maclean's MS. and John Maclean's MS.

6. From R. Macdonald's collection.

7. From the Highland Monthly, Vol. I, page 278. The 8th verse is from Turner's collection.

8. From Turner's collection.

9. From A. and D. Stewart's collection.

10. From Dr. Maclean's MS.

11. From Turner's collection. The 18th verse is from Gillies's collection, page 75.

I have omitted four verses. If a man does not believe that a person whom he disliked went to Heaven when he died, he had better say nothing about his occupation in the world of spirits.

12. From the transactions of the Gaelic society of Inverness, vol. XII., and Turner's collection.

13. The first nineteen verses are from Turner's collection. The 20th verse and the last fourteen verses were sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge.

14. From Turner's collection. The 8th and 15th verses are by myself. A reir na naidh-eachd a thugadh dhomhsa, fhuair an Cruiteir a bhean aige ann an suidheachadh maille ri duine eirle aans nach bu choir d'i a bhith. An aite naire a ghabhail 's ann a thoi'sich i air a chain-eadh 's air tilgeadh chlach air.

15. From Gillies's collection. The third line of the third verse is given in that work as follows:—Fraoch fod ' 'shin, gun bhosd, gun bhag radh. The last two lines of the fourth verse are given thus,—

Sgriab Ghilleasbig Ruaidh a Uibhist,  
Bhuail e meall an ceann an uighe.

I have reason to believe that the Ciaran Mabach was known as Gilleasbig Dubh, not as Gilleasbig Ruadh. I am not prepared, however, to insert Ghilleasbig Dhuibh in place of Ghilleasbig Ruaidh.

I received the following verse from Alexander Macdonald, Ridge:—

Chuir thu stopadh air na caolais  
Mun leigt' ort iad le maol sneimheil;  
Rinn thu gach coit is ramh a shaoradh,  
Mharbh thu boc 's gun d' lot thu 'mhaoiseach

Maol-sneimheil, careless, is an adjective; the noun is maol-sneimhealas. It is said that a shot fired in through the window wounded Alasdair Ruadh's wife in the leg. This explains the reference to the maoiseach.

The first line of the 8th verse is, A Mhoire, 's buidheach mise, Dhia, dhìot. Without changing these words the thu in the next verse would refer grammatically to the Deity. I might, however, have avoided this difficulty by giving the 8th verse as the last. I got the ninth verse from

Alexander Macdonald, but changed dh' eitich to smachdaich. I got the following lines also from Mr. Macdonald:—

Claighean gun saonadh bho chorpaibh,  
Mar chinn laogh an deidh am plotadh.

These lines, as given by Gillies, are as follows:—

Claighean gan faoisgneadh a copar,  
Marr chinn laogh an deidh am plotadh.

These lines are very poetic, but are they founded upon a fact? Are we to suppose that the heads were actually put in a copper vessel of some kind, or in a pot, and washed there? The word plotadh favors this view.

16. From Turner's collection. I got the fifth verse from an old neighbor, John Macdonald, an Taitleir Abrach.

17. From the Gael, vol. V., page 76.

18. From Dr. Maclean's MS.

19. From Turner's collection. The first verse is given by Turner as follows:—

Gur a fada mi 'm thamh,  
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar;  
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.

It is not desirable to have tamh rhyme with thamh.

The seventh verse is given thus,—

Nuair a rachadh tu 'm mach  
B'ard a chluinnteadh do smachd,  
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leoid.

As I understand these words, they mean either that Macleod was a follower of Sir James or that he was in the habit of marching with him to battle.

20. From R. Macdonald's collection.

21. This poem and the 22nd are taken from Turner's collection. They are given in that work as one poem, under the heading of Oran air Blar Tomaphubull.

22. The chorus and the first two verses refer to Lord Macdonell. The last three verses seem to belong to the poem on the Marquis of Athole, Slan gun dith dhuit a Mharcuis. I have omitted the following verses:—

'M bruadar chunnaic mi 'm chadal  
B' fhearr gum faicinn e 'm dhusgadh;  
'S mi nach fuireadh na b' fhaide  
Ann am plaide fo thursa.  
Le aon sealladh dhe t' aodann  
Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shuillean,  
B' ionnan eirigh do m' aigheadh  
S' leum a bhradain le luth-chleas.

Gur a mise 'bha tursach,  
'N am dhomh dusgadh a m' bhruadar,  
A bhith faicinn do chursaibh  
'Do! an null air Druim-uachdar;  
Bhith gad chur an toll-butha,  
'S gun mo dhuil thu thigh 'nn uaithe.  
Laigh smal air mo shugradh  
Gus an ruisgear an uaigh dhomh.

These verses seem to refer to the Marquis of Huntly or to the Earl of Athole. They might suit at the beginning of Cumha Morair Hunndaidh.

23. From Turner's collection.

24. From Turner's collection.

25. From D. C. Macpherson's *Duanaire*. As published in that work, it contains nine verses, namely, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, and 17th. The 12th 's by myself.

26. From John Maclean's MS.

27. From Gillies's collection.

28. There are four versions of this poem, Dr. Maclean's, Turner's, Ewen Maclachlan's and Alexander Macdonald's. Dr. Maclean's and Turner's differ but very little. Ewen Maclachlan copied his version from an old MS. He states that the poem was composed about Lord Macdonell. The poem, as I have given it, is partly from Dr. Maclean's version and partly from Ewen Maclachlan's. Both these versions contain the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th verses. But they do not give the 4th and 10th verses in the same way. The 4th is given by Ewen Maclachlan as follows:—

Theid mi shealltuinn an null  
 Air nigh'n Sheumais nan tur,  
 Gum meal thu 'n staoidhle sin puid ri'd bheo.

If the poem is about Lord Macdonell nigh'n Sheumais should be nigh'n Domhnaill; if about Macdonald, of Sleat, it should be Sir Seumas or Sir Domhnaill. The 10th verse, as given by Dr. Maclean, runs thus,—

'Sleat Sir Domhnaill o'n Choal,  
 'Sleat Clann Domhnaill na laoiach,  
 Sud a bhuidheann nach maom 'san toir.

Ewen Maclachlan has it as follows:—

Leat a dh' eireadh na laoiach,  
 Clann-Domhnaill an fhraoiach,  
 Sud na connspuinn nach faoin 'san toir.

Of course the only difference of any consequence is in the first line.

The fifth verse is in my opinion the best in the poem. But to whom does it refer? I feel confident that it must refer to Sir James of Sleat, to Lord Macdonell, or to Sir Donald of S'eat. As John Lom was a man of good common sense, I am inclined to think that Sir James and Lord

Macdonell were dead, and that Sir Donald was the man of whom he said, 'S tu a thaghainn de'n al s' tha beo.

29. From R. Macdonald's collection. The last two lines of the first verse are given in that work as follows:—

'N deoch-s' air Cauptin Chloinn-Domhnaill,  
'S air Sir Alasdair og 'thig o'n Chaol.

Sir James Macdonald, ninth of Sleat, was succeeded by his son, Donald. He had no son named Alexander. Sir James 13th of Sleat died in 1723. He was succeeded by his son Alexander, who was born in 1710 and married in 1733. My reasons for believing that the poem was composed about Sir Donald, 10th of Sleat, are these:— In the first place, as we are not in possession of John Lom's poems as they were composed Sir Alasdair may be a mistake. In the second place, according to Ranald Macdonald the poem was composed in the time of Sir James, ninth of Sleat. In the third place, the subject of the poem was a married man, but Sir Alexander, 14th of Sleat, was not married until the year 1733.

I have rejected the following lines from the twelfth verse:—

A chraobh fhiogius gun ghaiseadh  
'Chuireadh fion d'i am pailceas.

If the fig-tree belongs to the arms of the Macdonalds of Sleat, and it yields wine in abundance, these lines should have been retained.

30. From Turner's collection. The last two lines of the first verse are given in that work as follows:—

Gu bheil mulad fo d' chom ort  
Mu bhas Ghoud Iarla Moire.

So far as known to me there was no such man as Ghoud Iarla Moire. As the poem was com-



posed about 1682, and as Lord Macdonell died in that year, it is possible that he was the person referred to by John Lom. The first half of the 8th verse is by myself.

The Earl of Argyll met John, first Earl of Athole of the Murray family, at the ford over the river Lyon, near Kenmore in Breadalbane. The former had 5,000 men with him, the latter 1200. Argyll invited Athole to a private conference. Whilst Athole and his friends were on the way they were seized by men who had been planted in ambush by Argyll, and sent off as prisoners to Edinburgh.

31. From Turner's collection.

32. From Gillies's collection. The last five verses were sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge.

33. From Turner's collection.

34. From Gillies's collection.

35. From D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire.

36. From D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire.

37. From John Maclean's MS.

38. Sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge. Instead of 'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol, Ewen Maclachlan has Leat a dh' eireadh na laoich. According to D. C. Macpherson the 21st and 24th verses are about Gilleasbig na Ceapich.

39. Sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge. This version of the poem is better than the one given at page 79. Of course ionad nan stait is preferable to ionad nan stath. Stait means a leading man in the state.

40. From R. Macdonald's collection. By an oversight this poem was not sent to the printer in time. It was only when I was writing out the index that I missed it. It should have been inserted before Oran an Agaidh an Aonaidh.

41. From Turner's collection.

The few short stanzas composed by myself



were inserted merely as connecting links. I have pointed them all out.

I have to thank Alexander Macdonald, Ridge, Antigonish, for the poems and verses that he has sent me. Mr. Macdonald is intimately acquainted with the history, traditions, and poetry of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. He has more poems by heart than any other person known to me.

## Corrections.

*The figures denote the number of the poem as given in the index.*

1. For Loch Lay, read Loch Tay.
2. For chargadh, read chaogadh; for bhuid beann, bhuidheann; for thlg, thig; for sheoldt, sheolta; and for brisgadh, briogadh.
3. For dhubblan read dhubhlan, and for Tugh, Lugh.
4. For euchduch read euchdach, for ruisghe, ruisgte, and for Lamess, Lamers.
5. For Hubhahit read Dhubhairt; for Uislain, Uisdein; for ann siuil, an t-siuil; and for nuthidhean, fiubhaidhean.
6. For 'S cha dean in the 11th verse, 'S cha d' rinn; for croich, crioich; for cunhnadh, comhnadh; for Dunabheirt, Dhunabheirt; for sconnsa, etc., sgonnsa, a sconce or small fort; and for Dainaverty, Dunaverty.
7. For Bhoid, etc., read Bhiodh do sheomraichean; for asde 'n, as de 'n; for bodchd, bochd; for tll-butha, toll-butha; for lionmhor, lionmhor; and for thamhann, thamhainn.
8. For 'S gu fheil read 'S gu bheil; for

amhais, amhare; for Tuath ch, Tuathach; for duigh, diugh; for nachdaran, uachdaran, for oragan, organ; for t' h', th'; for chlaidheah, chlaidheabh; for guibhsaich, giubhsaich; and for Bangshire, Bannfshire.

9. For Dhruinn read Dhruim; for Guu mheas, Gun mheas.

10 For rl read ri, and for Inverikething, Inverkeithing.

11. For mulaich read mullaich; for sheanus, sheanns; for chuibhll, chuibhle; for chriseachd, choiseachd; for stobadh, stopadh; for uichair, iuchair; for crunn, crun; for an Athair, an Athar; for thasaig; thainig; for failthe, failte; for dhiut, dhuit; for Nuair fhuaradh, Nuair a fhuaradh; for cho sinn, choisinn; for shuileam, shuilean.

12. For an t-sionn read an t-sion; for Fha, Tha; for chreupag, chreubhag; and for Ronald, Ranald.

13. For Daire-na-mine read Daile-na-mine; for leoghan, leoghann; and for choimas, choimeas.

14. For duigh read diugh; for chradhbhach chraobhach; for carcain, caochain; for chalaiddh, chollaidh; for strathadh, shathadh; for ghuibhais, ghiubhais; and for chalin', chalm.

15. For shinbhleadh read shiubhleadh; for bheulach, bheorlach; for n ach, mach; for maoinleadh, maomadh; and for fllaolum, fhaolum.

16. For snuig read smuig, and for baladh, boladh.

17. For rodnaich read ronnaich; brusg-shiulean, brusg-shuilean, for milleadh, uilleadh; and for reask-shuil, reasp-shuil.

18. Perhaps do cheill, your sense, in the 16th verse should be do cheil', your wife. The words in the MS. are do cheille.

19. For Gur ma in the 12th verse read Gum a, and for Donnachad Reamhan, Donnachadh Reamhar.

20. For claidheadh read claidheabh, and for tilieadh, tilleadh.

21. For suibhal read siubhal, and for ceadan, ceudan.

22. For cleachd read cleoc; for Ghuibhsich, Ghiubhsaich; for sirig, eirig; and for ghuilan, ghiullan.

25. For ghuibhais read ghiubhais; for damh nan croc, damh dearg nan croc, for sluagh in the 10th verse, tuath.

25. The first line of the 7th verse is in the MS. Ghlac an eara greim teanachrach. I do not know what eara is or stands for.

27. For saile read sail; for 'Chur robh, Cha robh; for thahadh, thathadh; for 'N ioch, 'N laoch; for chaibh, dhaibh; and for bheiread, bheireadh.

28. For uchair read iuchair; for ur, la urla; and for buailtheadh, buailteadh. Delete the last sentence of the note.

29. For inbhraich read iubhraich; for chleusan, chleasan; for 'S n Leodaich, 'S na Leodaich; for claisaichean, clarsaichean; for bassala, banala; and for chuirm, chuirm.

30. For taigh-ghrunnaich read taigh-ghrunnaidh; for chlachan, a chlach i; for gluice, glaice; for Duimhnich, Duibhnich; for teine, teallach; for a'r n, air an; for dhochas d' fhuighair; for Stiubhart, Stiubhart; for ghulneach, ghuineach; for treudan, teudan; for cireadh, sireadh; for solais, sulais; for a chumhachd, a chumhachd; for shid, elud; for bneisd, beist; for sgrois, sgrios; for 'Bheisd ghrannnd, A bheist ghrannnd; for chamhaig, chnamhag; for rint, riut; and for Marquis of Tullibardine, Marquis of Athole.

31. For dh' innich, dh' imich; for t-sleighe, t-sleibhe; for 'rian, 'nan; for da dheidh, na dheidh; for Ram aidh, Ramsaidh; and for dhuinne, dhuine.

32. For iaisd, iasaid; for nochduldh, nochduidh; for dan, ban; and for roim, roimh; for Ge ceann, Le ceann; for gleidhte, greidhte.

33. For iull read iuil; for Spain, spain; for Dh' fhashtuinn, Dh' fhaotuinn; for choiseachd, coiseachd; and for Aimheabach, aimhealach

34. For Anam read An am; for ruchain, rucain; for Liunusaidh, Liunnsaidh; and for luioich, luirich.

35. For uaile read naile, and for suibhal, siubhal.

36. For ged mhisde read ged bu mhisde, and for duilteadh, diultadh.

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### Subscriptions.

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